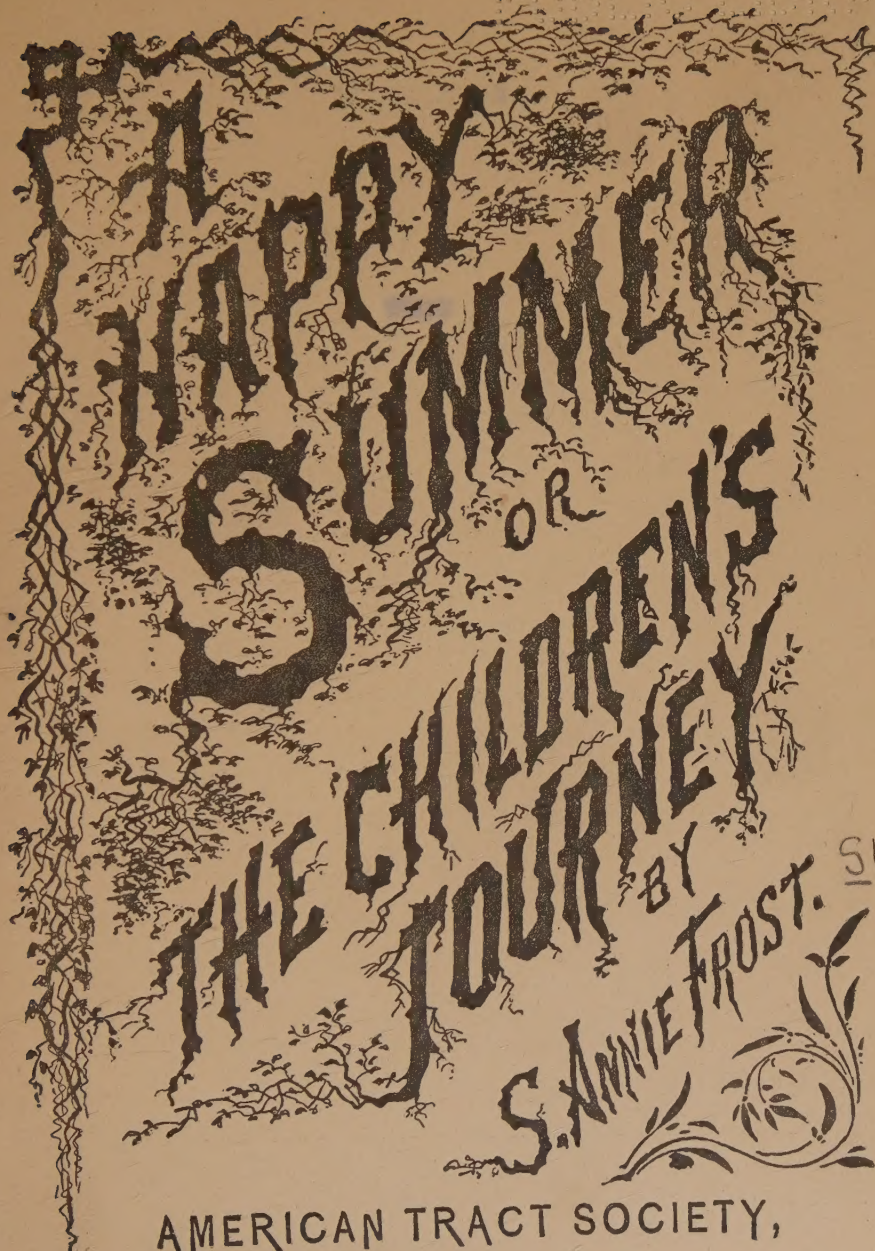


A  
HAPPY  
SUMMER









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HAPPY  
HAPPY  
SUMMER  
OR  
THE CHILDREN'S  
JOURNEY  
BY  
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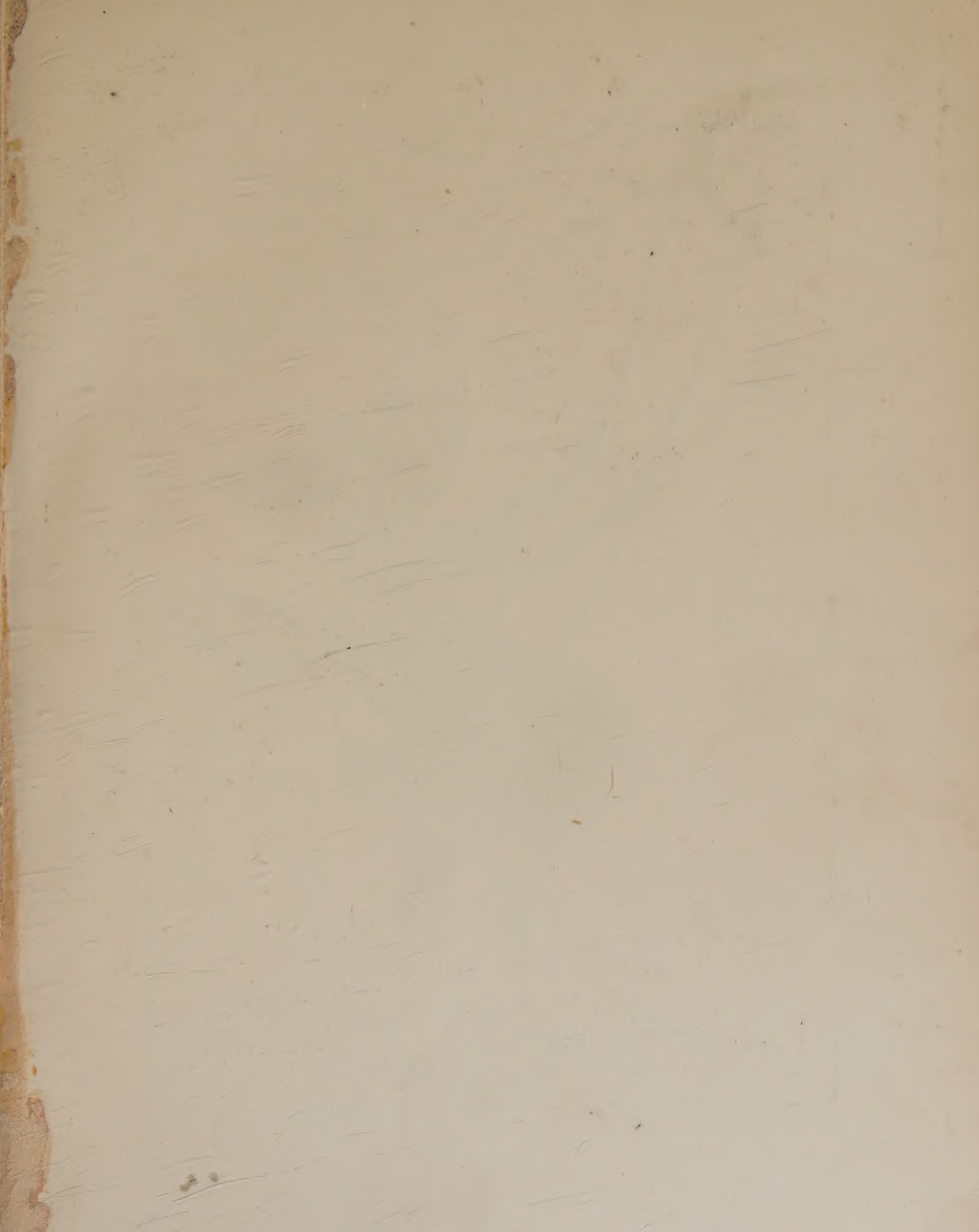
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# A HAPPY SUMMER.

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## CHAPTER I.

### *A PLEASANT INVITATION.*

CATHIE BYRNE was swinging in the orchard one morning in early June, her blue dress flashing to and fro across the trunks of the peach and apple trees, as she swayed her little figure in the swing, singing merrily. I wish I could put right here upon the paper a picture of that orchard, with its great fruit-trees in long rows, and the top of each one laden with the beautiful blossoms that promised abundance of fruit in the future. The pink-tinted peach-blossoms, the snow-white apple-blossoms, dropped soft showers of petals upon Cathie as she gave the branches of the trees gentle jars by the movement of the swing, but she did not look up, singing and swinging idly in the warm summer air.

Had she known exactly what her mamma was doing

at that moment, Cathie would have rushed up to the house in great haste, and quite forgotten for the time the swing that her papa had put up for her only the day before. For papa had just come from the postoffice, and had brought a letter from Aunt Catharine Wood, for whom Cathie was named, and the letter contained most delightful news.

First, Aunt Kate wrote that Harry, her only child, who was just Cathie's age, seven years old, had been very ill, but was getting better, and the doctors had ordered a northern trip for him during July and August. Then, only think of it! Aunt Kate proposed to take Cathie too upon a journey to New England, and was coming to Falls Church the very next day, to stay for a few days, that the children might become acquainted; for although they were cousins, they had never met, Harry's home being in Richmond, and Cathie's at Falls Church.

At the time of which I am writing, the summer of 1869, Falls Church was a village in which the farmhouses were scattered irregularly upon each side of a broad road, stretching away many miles in a straight line from Alexandria to the country beyond. Cathie's home was a large house, with wide porches and high pillars, and many acres of farm land upon every side. It stood upon high ground,

and from the porch Cathie could see the Potomac like a broad silver ribbon miles away, and on the other side the great dome of the Capitol at Washington.

The house, from its elevated position, had been a favorite halting-place for the great armies that met on Virginia soil only a few short years before, and sometimes the Union forces, sometimes the Confederate soldiers had lived in the rooms and upon the grounds that were Cathie's home after peace came. The little girl was fond of finding tokens of this occupancy all through the house, and especially of tracing on the white wooden pillars of the porch the names cut by the penknives of the soldiers.

It was a record that Cathie did not quite understand, but many an older face had smiled or grown sad, when reading the names, in which all the rent, torn states seemed for a time to mingle, a prophecy of the brotherhood that has come once more to the country. For "John Smith, 10th N. H.," would cross "Pierre Rowe, 18th S. C.;" and "James Hodgson, 5th Mass.," would nestle lovingly against "Thomas Lewis, N. C." Far up as a man could reach upon every pillar the names were cut into the wood, and Cathie learned her letters upon this rude spelling-book.

Inside of the house, paper and paint had destroyed



most of the marks of soldier life, and in Cathie's own little room a pretty vine-wreathed wall paper covered the whitewashed wall, where there had been traced in charcoal, "Deth to Yankeys," and across that "Down with the rebelyon," showing that one army had thrust out the other, and each left its marks.

But it was all over, and God had sent peace once more to the country, and crops were springing up on all the old camping-grounds of Virginia, when Cathie swung in the orchard till she heard her father calling her.

Down upon the blossom-strewn ground she sprang, to run lightly across the garden to the porch, and find her father waiting for her.

"Great news, Cathie!" he said, catching her up in his arms for a kiss. "How would you like to take a long journey?"

"With you, papa? To Washington?"

For Cathie had been once to Washington with her father, and the day was far too short for all the sights and pleasures there.

"Ever so much farther than Washington," said papa.

Cathie tried to think of the most distant place of which she had ever heard, and said,

"To Egypt, papa?"

"Well, not quite so far as that," said papa merrily, "but I will tell you all about it."

So papa told Cathie about Aunt Kate's letter, and the delightful invitation contained in it, while the child danced about on the porch, clapping her hands and shouting with pleasure.

"Mamma says," said papa at last, "that you will want a great many new clothes for such a long journey, and there is no time to be lost in making them, so we are going into Alexandria this afternoon to do the shopping. If you think you can keep still long enough for Chloe to dress you, you may go too."

"Oh, papa! Oh, how splendid! I'll keep still. I'll run to Chloe now, this very minute."

Away she ran, for this little Cathie was an impulsive, active girl, who was impatient about everything, and wanted all pleasures the moment they were promised.

"Come, Chloe," she said, dashing into the little cabin that was the kitchen for the farmhouse, "papa says you are to dress me to go to Alexandria with him and mamma."

"Yes, honey, yes—your mamma done tole me 'bout it; but I mus' tell July Ann 'bout de dinner fust, chile. You've got lots o' time."

"No, I haven't! Come now!"

"In a minute, honey, in a minute!" and Chloe bustled about the kitchen giving the servant under her directions for the early dinner, Cathie pulling her dress and apron, teasing and hindering her in every way, and really delaying what she was so anxious to hasten.

"Sho, chile," Chloe said at last, even her patience giving way a little, "sho chile, don't bother so. I 'se comin' soon as I kin. Can't tell July Ann nuffin 't all while you 's so bothersome, honey. Now, July Ann, dars the puddin' sass, don't you go fur to lay a finger on dat ar! I'll come down!"

"No she wont, July Ann. She 's got to dress me!" said Cathie. "Come, Chloe, papa 'll be going!"

"Not de leastes' fear, chile. Dey 's all goin' to wait fur de dinner, but dey 'll never git a bite ef you do n't stop pullin' me roun'. 'Clar' to goodness, chile, you 's torn my apron clean across a twitchin' so! Dar! Come along!"

And naughty Cathie at last led the fat old nurse to her own room, as she had been sure of doing from the first.

For Chloe had been Mrs. Byrne's slave, with many others, before the emancipation act was proclaimed that made all the slaves within the United States free. She



had nursed Cathie's mother and Aunt Catharine when they were babies, and when Miss Louey, as she still called Mrs. Byrne, married, Chloe was part of the property her father gave to her. The war scattered all Chloe's dusky companions in slavery, but the faithful old negress clung to her mistress' fallen fortunes, and though she was fond of mourning for the days when "we all lived in Richmond an' old marse had eighty niggers," she waited upon Mrs. Byrne and saved her from all actual toil, while she was a most devoted nurse to the children. Three little ones, older than Cathie, had gone to heaven, and Chloe was quite ready to help Mr. and Mrs. Byrne to spoil the only child left to them.

And it must be owned that among them all Miss Cathie was spoiled, being self-willed and impatient, and only too often disobedient, when her own way suited her better than the way she was told to take.

It had been partly Cathie's health, seeing her droop as the older ones had done in the air of the city, that had made Mr. Byrne buy the farm in Virginia, and leave a clerkship in Washington to raise fruit and vegetables at Falls Church. And in the free pure air the puny child had grown strong and healthy, though she had also grown headstrong and rude.

"Mamma!" Cathie cried, rushing into her mother's room after Chloe had put on her clean white dress, and twisted her short brown hair into smooth curls; "not dressed yet! Oh, do hurry, please! Chloe has gone to hurry dinner, and papa is sure to have the buggy round before you are ready. Please do hurry, mamma!"

"If you don't keep still, Cathie, you will have to be dressed again," said Mrs. Byrne in the slow languid tones she always used in speaking, "it is but little after eleven o'clock."

"But dinner will be ready at twelve, and papa is in the stable now. Oh, please, mamma!" and Cathie rushed about the room in her usual rude way, pulling her mamma's shoes from the closet, upsetting her bandbox in trying to take it from the shelf, catching the parasol in the handle of the pitcher and nearly pulling it over, and making such confusion that her mamma said at last: "I shall never be ready, Cathie, if you don't keep still. I don't want any of the things you have pulled out!"

"What do you want, mamma? Your black silk?" and snap went the tape by which the dress was hung to the wall, as Cathie tugged to pull it down.

"No, no! O Cathie, sit down and keep still! Chloe will come to wait on me."

"But she must get dinner!" cried impatient Cathie, quite forgetting how she had driven Chloe out of the kitchen but a little while before.

"O dear, I suppose I will have no peace till I am dressed," sighed Mrs. Byrne, yielding as usual to the little girl's rude teasing; "get me that purple muslin, and don't tear it."

"And your boots! I'll button them for you."

"No, thank you, I'll let Chloe do that!" said Mrs. Byrne with a wry face.

"Just because the hook pinched a little the last time," pouted Cathie. "Oh, I wish Chloe would hurry the dinner. We shall be so late!"

And Mrs. Byrne was left to dress in peace, while Cathie ran to the kitchen to hurry Chloe about, to "get dinner this very minute, and go button mamma's boots."

Papa had to take his turn after dinner was over, for Cathie was quite sure Julius would never have the horse harnessed if papa did not go to the barn and make him move more quickly. But by two o'clock the little party were actually on their way on the wide, white turnpike to Alexandria, Cathie being kept comparatively quiet by being allowed to drive the gentle old horse, and deeply interested in all the sights along the road.



The shopping was a great excitement. Cathie was sure no "real grown-up lady" ever had more dresses than mamma was buying for her little self, and her new hats and boots, and stock of linen, were apparently enough to last for years. The dressmaker to whom all this pile of material was given in charge, declared it would be quite wonderful if anything fitted the little girl, who nestled about under her hands, stood first upon one foot then upon the other, moved her head and shoulders constantly, and narrowly escaped pushing her eye against the point of the dressmaker's scissors in one of her sudden twitches, to look into the long mirror before which she was standing.

The many dresses provided seemed wonderful to a little girl who had never needed more than the simple calico or merino for country wear, and already the prospect of her journey took some of its delight from the possession of the pretty clothes which Cathie admired for their own beauty alone, without any vain thought of her own appearance when wearing them.

It was after nine o'clock in the evening when a sleepy little girl was lifted out of the buggy and put into Chloe's arms.

"We had supper at the Marshall House," said papa, "so you can put Cathie to bed."

But Cathie was sufficiently awakened by the arrival at home to tell Chloe of the afternoon's adventures.

"And only think, Chloe," she said, "I am to have a real travelling dress of linen, and one of some gray stuff for cold days; and papa bought me a satchel with a little silver plate on it, and a shawl-strap to hold a new sacque mamma is having made in case I should be cold in the cars or on the boat."

"Sho now, Miss Cathie, you'll be a trabeller sure 'nuff, when you done got all dat ar!"

"And to-morrow Aunt Kate is coming with Harry."

"Yes, honey! July Ann an' I done got dere rooms all fixed up dis bery arternoon. Jes' think, honey, ole Chloe used ter take Miss Kate on her lap same's she's doin' you dis minit."

"And mamma, too!"

"Yes, deary, Miss Louey too."

"But I wish we were going away right off. Aunt Kate is going to stay a whole week here. I heard mamma tell the dressmaker so."

"Now, Miss Cathie, you'd never go fur to wish dat ar. Why, honey, Miss Kate an' Miss Louey ha'n't got sight o' one 'nother all fru dis drefful war, 'long o' your papa bein' in Washington, and Marse Wood in de ole home in

Richmond. An' Marse Wood gone dead, honey, sence, an' poor Miss Kate all alone, 'cepting little Marse Harry. You'd not want fur to hurry her away, an' her seein' her own only sister fur de fustest time in ten years, now would yer, Miss Cathie?"

"No!" said Cathie, her warm, loving little heart touched at once by her nurse's words. "I'll not say a word now, Chloe, if they stay a month!"

And Chloe fully appreciated the great sacrifice that such patience would call for.

"Dar, honey, now you's all ready for bed!" she said, and Cathie slipped down beside her little bed, and said "Our Father," before being lifted into the resting-place Chloe made by turning down the sheets. She lay with wide-open eyes thinking of the delights in prospect, while Chloe made sure no mosquito lurked in the net she drew carefully around the bed, and then took up a large fan to wave gently to and fro till Cathie fell asleep. And it was not long before the patient nurse saw the tired eyelids fall over the bright eyes, and crept softly away murmuring her accustomed, heartfelt prayer:

"De good Lord bress my baby, an' keep her safe in his care all de night long. Amen."







## CHAPTER II.

*THE LITTLE COUSINS.*

ALTHOUGH she had been so weary after her long ride, Cathie was awake very early in the morning. Mr. Byrne used to call her his "Morning Glory," because she was always bright in the early morning, never sleeping after the first twitter of the birds in the trees near her window roused her. Her papa knew that no matter how early he was stirring, his step in the hall as he passed Cathie's door, would surely be followed by a clear, sweet voice calling:

"Oh, do wait for me, papa! I want to feed the hens," with perhaps a little "Hurry! hurry, Chloe, papa is waiting!" if she was not quite dressed.

And pretty soon a bright little face, all fresh from the morning bath, would peep out, and then Cathie would rush into her papa's arms for a hug and kiss, before running down stairs beside him, and out to the barn for corn to feed the hens. For feeding the hens three times a day was Cathie's task, though I am afraid they would have

often gone hungry if Julius had not understood he was to supply the meal if Cathie neglected to do so.

Papa was usually busy in the barn while the hens had their breakfast, and afterwards Cathie was delighted to trot along beside him while he was engaged in all the early morning duties of a farmer's life.

But on this particular morning Mr. Byrne was an hour earlier than usual in rising, and Cathie had not left her bath when she heard his step.

"O papa! Wait, please wait," she called. "I am not dressed!"

"Can't wait this morning, Cathie, and you had better not get up yet. I am going over to Washington to meet Aunt Kate."

"Oh, wait!" Cathie cried, "I want to go too!"

But papa had gone down the stairs.

"O Chloe, hurry! hurry!" Cathie cried, pulling her clothes all about in her haste, "I am going with papa!"

Good-natured Chloe was more than willing to help any such scheme along, and dressed Cathie as quickly as possible, though she said:

"Ef you'd stand still jes' one minute, Miss Cathie, we'd get 'long 'nuff sight faster!"

Standing still was not possible to Cathie when she



was impatient, but she was dressed at last, and running down the stairs and out to the barn, found her father putting on his duster and driving-gloves, while Julius had the horse almost harnessed to the buggy.

"Lift me in, papa!" Cathie panted, all out of breath with her haste, "I am going too."

"Not to-day, Cathie! There will not be room."

"But I can ride on my own little stool, as I do when you and mamma both go!"

"Harry must have that to-day; and your Aunt Kate will have satchels and shawls too, so there will not be room for a good-sized mosquito, much less for a little girl."

"But, papa, I want to go!"

"Next time, Cathie! We will have the carriage then, and both horses, and you shall start in style, trunk and all."

"But I want to go now!"

"All ready, Marse Byrne!" Julius cried, driving Bob from the barn.

"Papa! Oh, please, papa, take me!"

"Not to-day, Cathie!"

"I will go! I will go!" Cathie cried, bursting into angry tears.

"Go into the house, Cathie," papa said sternly, "you are a very naughty little girl!"

Then papa drove rapidly down the carriage-way to the gate, and out upon the turnpike, Cathie running after him and filling the air with her screams. She soon found it was quite useless to try to overtake Bob, who had four legs to outrun her two; and having taken all the comfort from papa's lonely ride to Washington, she went sobbing back to the house.

For more than an hour she made her mother and Chloe miserable, pouting and sobbing, sometimes crying loudly, sometimes sulking in a corner. She would not eat her breakfast, let Julius feed the hens alone, was rude to her mamma, and utterly refused all Chloe's petting and efforts to comfort her. Even the new swing was no consolation, and finally the naughty girl sobbed herself to sleep in her own room. She was weary with the long ride of the previous day, the early rising and excitement of the morning, and she slept soundly, while patient Chloe having driven the flies from under the mosquito net, drew it round the bed, and stole softly away, peeping in often to be sure "de chile" was comfortable.

Cathie's fits of temper, violent as they were, were not very lasting, and when she awoke late in the forenoon,

she was quite ready to be pleasant, and look forward eagerly to the arrival of the travellers. Her untasted breakfast had been carefully saved for her, and Chloe had it warm and ready when she went down stairs again.

Mamma was in her own room, sewing upon the clothing she was preparing for Cathie's journey, when the little girl danced in, all smiles again, to ask when her papa was expected home.

"Very soon now," mamma said, "you can go on the shady side of the porch and wait for him. But, Cathie, if you scream as you did this morning, I think your Aunt Kate and Harry will take the next train back to Richmond."

Cathie looked ashamed, for this was more of a reproof than her indulgent mother had ever given her, being usually too glad when "Cathie's tempers" were over, to remind her of them. Never in very strong health, she was unable to control the active little girl after allowing her to have her own way since the time she could run alone. Mr. Byrne could exercise some little firmness, as he had done when he drove away, but Mrs. Byrne and Chloe only tried to pacify Cathie when she was out of temper, never to punish or reprove her.

She went to the shady side of the porch, and looked

down the turnpike for the buggy, seeing nothing but the hot, dusty road, where the sunshine blazed down with fierce heat.

"How hot it looks!" Cathie thought, "I guess I'm glad that I didn't go, now. I wonder what Cousin Harry is like; bigger'n me, I guess, 'cause he's a boy! July Ann says boys always bully over girls. I wonder what she means—if she means be ugly, I can be just as ugly as any boy if I choose!"

And it was a very sad truth! Cathie certainly could be as ugly as any child, boy or girl, when the spirit of bad temper disfigured her pretty face, and took all the music out of her sweet voice. But there was no bad temper visible when the buggy drove up to the porch, and mamma came to join Cathie in welcoming the travellers. The little girl had a sudden fit of bashfulness when her Aunt Kate, after warmly embracing Mrs. Byrne, turned her attention to her little namesake.

Cathie had fancied that Aunt Kate would be like her mamma, with blue eyes and fair hair and small figure. But Mrs. Wood was tall and dark, with large, black eyes, and an air of quiet firmness that was totally wanting in her sister's face. Cathie fancied she would be afraid of her. Yet the kiss pressed upon her lips was very tender,



and Aunt Kate's voice was musical and loving, as she said :

"And this is little Cathie, my namesake. Harry, dear, come and kiss your cousin!"

Then, for the first time Cathie looked at Harry Wood, who was clinging to Mr. Byrne, and was already weary with his night journey and the drive from Washington. She saw a slender, pale boy, much smaller than herself, with large, soft, black eyes, and waving yellow hair. The broad, white forehead, the sweet, sensitive mouth would have told an older observer of the lad's precocious intellect and ill-health, but Cathie only saw that the boy before her was not her equal in size or strength, and lost her fear that he would ever be ugly-tempered.

She held out her hand frankly, and put up her lips to kiss her cousin, saying :

"I am glad you have come, Cousin Harry! Shall I show you my new swing?"

The little pale face lighted eagerly.

"Oh, yes! I like to swing!"

"Not now, Harry," Mrs. Wood said gently, "when the sun goes down you may go out, but you must lie down now."

"Suppose we put some pillows on the bench here,"

said Mrs. Byrne, "and let the children stay together while you rest in your room."

"Should you like that, Harry?" Mrs. Wood asked.

"Yes, mamma!"

"Well, dear, I will leave you then. But I want you to keep quite still till I come to you."

The grown-up folks went into the house then, and in a few minutes Chloe came out upon the porch with pillows and cushions to make a soft bed upon the wooden bench for the little boy. He was caressed and petted with all Chloe's loving words, while she made him thoroughly comfortable, and then brought out Cathie's little rocking-chair. "Dar, honey, now you sit 'long side'n your cousin an lef him rest!"

"Do n't you like to swing?" Cathie asked, when she found herself alone with Harry.

"Oh, yes, better than any play! I have n't had one swing since last summer!"

"Then why did n't you come when I asked you?"

"Mamma said I must wait till the sun went down!"

"But why did n't you tease her? She would say Yes, if you teased her."

"No, she would n't. Mamma never says Yes after she says No!"

Cathie's eyes opened very wide.

"Never?" she asked.

"Never!" Harry repeated.

"Not if you cry and scream and kick and make an awful, awful time?"

"I don't know," said Harry doubtfully, "I should n't like to be so bad as that!"

"Oh, that's the reason," said Cathie. "Mamma often says I must n't do things, and I tease and coax, and if she wont say I may, then I cry and holler, and she says Yes always! You just try it!"

"But," said Harry, "do n't she whip you?"

"No, indeed! Does Aunt Kate whip?"

"She never did, but if I was to go on like that, I do n't know what she would do. And then—" and Harry hesitated a little, before he added in a lower tone, "I am sure I could not be one of Christ's children."

Cathie looked up quickly.

"Oh," she said, "of course you would n't act that way in Sunday-school. I would n't, either!"

"But, Cathie—" and Harry hesitated again, while Cathie said:

"I know what you mean by Christ's children, Harry, because the Sunday-school teacher tells us all; but then

everybody is good on Sunday! That is," she added presently, "in Sunday-school! I have been bad at home on Sunday."

"But what is the use of knowing about it, Cathie, if you do n't care," said Harry puzzled. "I thought we were to care all the time, Sunday and all. When I am very fretty and don't like things, and when I am afraid and want to tell a lie, for fear I will be punished, I try to remember that Christ's children must be patient and truthful. Mamma says it is of no use to be good a little, and then be bad again; we must keep on trying all the time!"

"Do you think, Harry, that Christ really cares about such little children as you and me? I mean about all the naughty things. There are so many children in the world, you know, and he is in heaven, and so I don't think he really minds tempers and such things. Of course when we are big, if we steal or murder, he will punish us. But he can't care for temper and teasing."

"But he does, Cathie! Mamma says so! She says he loves little children best of all, and wants them to love him! And if you love him, you want to please him, do n't you?"

"I don't know! I love mamma and papa, but I



never thought about pleasing them much. I like them to please me," said frank little Cathie.

"What a funny way to love," said Harry.

"Do you try to please your mamma?"

"I try! I am very naughty sometimes, but I am sorry when I know mamma is displeased with me. She looks just as if she wanted to cry sometimes, and then I am so sorry I would do anything to make her smile again."

Cathie sat a long time silent, thinking over this confession of Harry's. She had said very truly that she had never tried to please her parents, being quite sure of their love and indulgence no matter how bad she was; and she wondered how it would seem to study her mamma's wishes and face, as Harry seemed to do with his mother. After all she concluded her own way was the easiest, and she guessed Harry would agree with her if he would try it. Then she looked at the fair, pale face resting among the pillows, and said:

"Were you very sick, Harry? Mamma said you had been sick!"

"O Cathie, I was very sick, so hot, all burning up with fever, and my head aching dreadfully. Poor mamma had to sit close to me all the time to fan me and wet my

head, and some of the time she was afraid I would die too, like papa, and leave her all alone."

"Die!" said Cathie, "all my little brothers died, mamma says, when they were babies. Were you afraid, Harry?"

"Yes, but not all the time. Mamma told me that Jesus Christ would love me, if I trusted him, and she read to me every day about him, how he wanted all children to come to him; so after a while I was not afraid."

"But you did n't want to die?"

"No; I want to get well. Poor mamma would be all alone, if I died, and she is so sorry for papa. I was only a little baby when he died, and she has only got me now."

"I should be afraid," said Cathie.

But just at this moment the grave talk of the two children was interrupted by Chloe, who came to take Harry into the house to dinner, fondling him as she lifted him in her strong arms, and making him comfortable at the table, while Cathie looked on, half willing to have the sick boy petted, half jealous of Chloe's fondness for any one but herself.







## CHAPTER III.

*CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.*

WHEN dinner was over, Mrs. Wood thought Harry had better go into his own room for an hour or two, and try to sleep, as he had been travelling all the night before. He was not very willing to go, and Cathie looking at his pouting lip and sullen eyes, thought he would scream and cry presently. But he did not, walking beside his mother with lagging steps, but saying nothing.

Cathie wandered about the house a little while with an odd sense of loneliness.

"I wonder," she thought, "what makes me want to be with Harry, when I only had him this morning. If he is well enough to ride on the cars and be up and dressed, he's well enough to play. He was lying down ever so long before dinner! I think it is awfully stupid to lie down in the daytime, any how," said Cathie, quite forgetting her own long nap, "I wonder when he will come down stairs. Well, I can make Chloe swing me, any how."

Poor old Chloe had rather a hard time of it for the next two or three hours. Cathie was half jealous of a rival in her nurse's affections, and pettish about losing her new companion so soon, and she kept Chloe's arms busily employed till the patient old woman groaned:

"'Cla'r, honey, you 'll jes' melt ole Chloe down wif de perspirashuns; 'deed, chile, you will! Can't you keep still one blessed minit, honey, no way 't all? I mos' done over in de sun an' heat, deary; 'deed I is now."

And naughty Cathie only looked over her shoulder at the shining, black face, fairly streaming with perspiration, and said:

"Swing me! Swing me high, Chloe!"

So the swing was tossed again high in the air, and Chloe was wondering if her arms would be able to give it even one more push, when papa was heard calling:

"Do you want to drive over to the postoffice with me, Cathie?"

"Oh, yes! I'm coming!" Cathie cried. "Stop me quick, Chloe," and Chloe gladly obeyed, and watched her little nursling run down the orchard path to the carriage-way where papa was waiting in the buggy.

"Jump in," he said, holding out his hand. "That's it! Where is Harry?"

"Aunt Kate made him lie down. Perhaps he didn't want to go, papa. But he did! I guess," said frank little Cathie, "he is gooder than I am."

"Why?"

"Because he never screams and kicks. If I had looked as cross as he did, I would have screamed and cried, I know."

"The best way is to keep pleasant, a'n't it, Cathie? and neither scream nor look cross."

"Yes, I suppose that is best!" said Cathie, "but I can't be pleasant when I am cross, can I?"

Papa was going to answer, but the postoffice was in sight, and he drew up at the door to ask for his letters, and forgot Cathie's question.

Harry was down stairs when they reached home, his face very bright, and he was quite ready to join in any play Cathie proposed, but especially eager to see and try the new swing in the orchard. It was late in the afternoon, the sun was low, and Mrs. Wood gave the little boy permission to go to the orchard, only cautioning him not to play roughly.

For an hour and more everything was very pleasant, and Chloe looking often at the orchard, was well pleased to see the children so happy together. But suddenly

there was an ugly sound of raised voices, and Chloe hurried out to see Cathie in one of her tempers, standing beside the swing, while Harry held the rope tightly in both hands.

"You shall let me swing too," Cathie screamed, "it is my swing!"

"O Cathie!" Chloe panted, hurrying up. "Dat is not a pretty way to talk to your cousin. Company allers gets de best, honey!"

"But he's been swinging ever since we came out!" said Cathie, "and he wont push me one bit!"

And Harry did not speak, only held the rope tightly, as if he never intended to let it go again.

"Come, Marse Harry," said Chloe coaxingly, "give Cathie a turn, an' ole Chloe'll swing both on yers."

Harry dropped the rope, and without saying one word marched out of the orchard and to the house.

"Why, Harry," his mother said, "what ails your face?"

Then the pouting lip, the frowning brow broke up, and the tears streamed down Harry's face.

"Cathie asked me to swing, and then laughed at me because I was afraid to go high, and she called me a baby and made fun of me! She wanted to show me how

high she could go, and not be afraid, and I wouldn't let her have the swing, and she got mad and screamed, and Chloe came out. She can just keep her old swing now, I don't want it!"

Mrs. Wood did not speak. Upon her face was a grave look of reproach, but she made no reply to her little son's sobbing, angry speech. Only the sound of Harry's breath, quick and gasping, broke the silence in the room. At last, when he had become calmer, Harry looked up into his mother's face. Only one look, and he crept to her side:

"O mamma, I forgot again! Oh, I am so sorry. I did mean to remember, and now I have been cross and sulky!"

"Very cross and sulky, Harry," Mrs. Wood said very gravely. "You had better go into your own room and think about it a little while."

So Harry, very quiet and subdued, went to his own room. He knew well why his mamma wished him to be alone, and he sat down beside the window to obey her by thinking. He was but little over seven years old, and his faults were very often subject for thought and tears. These last were still falling, but quietly, when he slipped from his chair, and kneeling down said the short prayer



he was sure his mamma had intended should follow that lonely thinking.

"O Jesus," he prayed, "help me to put down my bad temper, and be one of your own children. I have been very bad. I am sorry. Help me, I pray you, to be good again. Amen."

In the meantime Cathie having the swing given up to her in this fashion, found she did not want such lonely possession. She had laughed at her cousin's timid fear of swinging far up towards the boughs of the trees, and wanted to show him how fearlessly she could work the swaying seat far into the air.

But when she had possession of the rope, only Chloe waited to admire her performance, and Chloe knew already how high she could go.

Besides, Chloe had an expression of solemnity upon her face that was quite new there, and Cathie was uneasily conscious that it meant reproof for her rudeness to her cousin.

"Poor chile," said Chloe presently, "he's whiter 'n a sheet. Reckon, honey, he done been berry sick."

"They thought he was going to die, Chloe!" said Cathie in a low tone; "he had a fever!"

"Sho, now, Miss Cathie, yer don't say that ar. An'

you so strong an' well. Seems like you oughter be pettin' him, do n't it now, honey?"

"But I never petted anybody, Chloe. I don't know how!"

"Well, honey, speakin' kind o' softly, an' lettin' him have his own way a little, 's a good way to begin! 'Sides, he's company, an' company's allers 'xpected to have the best 'mong de quality. Only common folks is ever rude to company."

Cathie looked rebellious. Never had Chloe found so much fault as this, and really if visitors were going to interfere with her indulgence by her mamma and Chloe, she wished—then Cathie hesitated. Did she really wish her little cousin had not come? A playmate was something Cathie had never had, and it was a new lesson to her that happy companionship was possible only where each one was willing to give up sometimes, and let the other rule for the time. With all her faults, Cathie had a warm loving heart, if only it was touched, and after a few minutes, she said:

"What would you do, Chloe, if you were me?"

Chloe's black face beamed with delight.

"Dar, honey, I knowed you'd want to be a good girl. I'd jes' go, deary, and put my arms roun' Marse

Harry, an' kiss an' make up. 'Deed now I would, Miss Cathie."

"I guess I will!"

And giving Chloe a good hug to begin with, Cathie ran toward the house, reaching her Aunt Kate's room just as Harry came from his own apartment with a sweet, placid face. In a moment Cathie's arms were round him, her kiss upon his lips, and she said:

"I wont be rude any more, Harry!"

"And I wont be sulky," was the quick reply.

"You was n't half so bad as I was, 'cause Chloe says you are company and ought to have your own way."

"Mamma," Harry said, coming to his mother's side, "I did think. Will you kiss me now?"

A tender kiss upon his up-turned face was his mother's answer, and Harry asked,

"What made me afraid, mamma? I used to swing ever so high last summer when we were at Point Comfort; and to-day, as soon as the swing went high I got sick and dizzy, and felt as if I was going to fall right out."

"You had better not swing again then, dear, till you are stronger, or you may indeed fall out. It is because you are weak, and there is really danger of falling, that you are afraid."

"Then I wont call you a baby again," said impulsive Cathie. "Shall we go feed the hens?"

Very willingly Harry put his hand into the little sun-browned one Cathie held out to him, and the children left the room together. While they sat upon the step at the barn-door, scattering the corn from Cathie's basket to the pretty hens, Cathie said:

"What did you mean, Harry, by telling Aunt Kate you did think?"

"Because I was cross and sulky. Don't you have to think when you are naughty?"

"Think of what?"

"Of how naughty you were, and whether you are very sorry. And when you are sure you are sorry, you may say a prayer, and ask Jesus to make you good again. Mamma says the prayer will not help you, unless you think about what you are praying for first, and are sure you really and truly are sorry, and want Christ to help you."

"Do you say 'Now I lay me,' or 'Our Father'?"

"I say those when I go to bed and when I get up, but mamma taught me another prayer for when I am a bad boy."

Then slowly and reverently Harry repeated his little prayer, while Cathie listened.

"Does it make you good again?" she asked.

"Always; but you must be sorry first," said Harry, unconscious how far his simple faith and penitence covered the ground upon which all true Christianity must be built.

"I wonder," said Cathie, "if it would stop my getting angry and screaming."

"Yes, because you could n't think about it and be sorry while you are screaming. You'd have to stop, you know, and then you could think how bad you were! O Cathie!" said Harry, as a large white hen fluttered into the little girl's lap. "Oh, will she let me stroke her?"

"Yes, indeed. They will all come around me if I keep still; but they don't like it if you move about much. Chick! chick! chick!"

Harry imitated the call in his soft, sweet voice, and the hens soon gathered around the steps, in the children's laps and on their shoulders, the little boy sitting still, and scarcely breathing for fear of driving the pretty tame pets away.

"It is because I always feed them," said Cathie, "and never chase them. When they are to be killed, Julius coaxes them into a coop and kills them, so they are never scared. Papa don't want them to be frightened."



"Is n't it a pity to kill one?" said Harry, venturing to stroke softly the feathers of a pretty brown hen in his lap.

"But we must, you know, Harry, to eat and to send to market. I am sure papa hates it, for he always goes up to the house after Julius coaxes the hens into the coop. I stayed once, but I ran away after the first one was killed, and would n't eat one bit of it at dinner!"

"Chick!" said Harry softly, "I hope you wont be killed!"

"Did you ever hunt eggs, Harry?" asked Cathie.

"Never! Is it great fun?"

"Yes. Will you come to-morrow morning? I always hunt eggs after I feed the hens. You have to scramble all about in the hay, for they hide them in all sorts of places."

"In the barn!" said Harry, looking over his shoulder to the other end of the barn, where the empty stalls were; "but do n't the oxen and horses and cows stand in those places?"

"No; Julius has them all out before I am up. But I should n't care anyhow. I'm not such a baby as to be afraid of an ox or a horse."

Harry's face flushed, and Cathie cried hastily: "But

then I have n't been sick. Perhaps I would be afraid if I had."

Still there was a little cloud on Harry's face. He was a very sensitive child, and had a true boyish dislike to being thought cowardly or babyish. He had no idea, either, how much of an apology the last words were from petted Cathie, to whom it was a new duty to consider any one's feelings but her own.

"If you are mad," she said presently, "why do n't you say so! I think sticking up your lip and nose, and looking cross, is just as bad as it is to scream!"

"I—I wont be mad," said Harry, making a great effort, "only please don't call me a baby any more. Chloë is calling us!"

"Harry! Cathie! Come to yer tea, dearies!" Chloë called, and there was a great fluttering and clucking among the hens as the children stood up to obey the summons.

"Come," Cathie said, holding up her hand, "tea is ready, and I can see Aunt Kate and mamma on the porch looking for us. After tea I will ask papa if we may go over to the meadow to find wild strawberries. There are lots and lots of them; but papa lets the poor children pick them to sell, so we don't have them on the table. But they are ever so much nicer than the other strawberries,

when you pick them yourself off the vine, and eat them right up, without any sugar or cream."

Mr. Byrne was perfectly willing to give permission for the short walk across the meadow to the strawberry-field, and Chloe gave Harry a small tin-pail and Cathie a little basket, to bring home some of the berries for Aunt Kate to taste.

"For I think with Cathie," she said, "that the small wild strawberries are much sweeter than the larger ones from the garden-beds."

It was delightfully cool and pleasant in the meadow, and the children were soon hunting for the pretty crimson fruit hidden under the broad green leaves, trying to see who could fill pail or basket most quickly. But as three or four berries were put into the little mouths for every one that went towards Aunt Kate's supply, the work of filling the basket and pail did not go on very fast.

Still there was enough to fill a saucer when papa came to the fence to call the children, as the night was coming on.

Cathie who was fond of music, was delighted to find the family assembled in the parlor, and Aunt Kate playing and singing. The little restless hands and feet that were so hard to quiet at most times, were very still as Cathie

listened to the new songs, that were quite different from those mamma sang, and Harry was as well pleased when "Aunt Louey" sang those with which Cathie was familiar.

At nine o'clock, after saying good-night, Cathie and Harry went to their own rooms, Chloe being ready to make them comfortable, and fell fast asleep with the sound of the piano coming up to them from the parlor.







## CHAPTER IV.

*HARRY AND CATHIE IN TROUBLE.*

THE next week passed by quickly at the farm. Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Byrne were busily engaged in preparing Cathie's outfit for her journey, and Mr. Byrne had his time fully employed in a farmer's work in early summer; so the children were left to entertain each other, with Chloe to watch that they did not run in the sun, or get into mischief. The first day or two Harry was very homesick and miserable, scarcely well enough to enjoy any pleasures, and constantly finding Cathie undertaking some romping feat that he was too timid and weak to imitate.

He did not think any of the little girls he had known in Richmond who wore ruffled muslin and silk dresses, and walked quietly along the streets beside their nurses, carrying dainty little parasols in summer and white muffs in winter, would have admired the performances of which Cathie was so proud. He would stand under a tree while his cousin scrambled from bough to bough, taunting him

with cowardice, and retort by saying she was a tomboy; and a fierce quarrel would send Harry to his mother, and Cathie to Chloe, to meet presently and be good friends again. But the little boy drooped with the constant excitement and strain upon his conscience, and Mrs. Wood hurried her preparations to get him into a cooler climate, hoping also, to prevent the quarrelling when both children were fully under her own control.

She was not altogether sorry for Harry to have the example of an active, healthy child before him, as his timidity was becoming a pain to him, and she hoped Cathie would rouse him to overcome it. But she often agreed in her heart that Cathie was a sad tomboy, when she heard of her romping and climbing, riding on the backs of the horses as they ploughed, swinging on the top of high-barred gates, and climbing on everything that offered a foothold for her nimble little feet.

And yet, little by little, even in that first week, a softer influence was beginning to hold Miss Cathie somewhat in check. Criticism was very new to her, and especially words of reproof from Chloe, who was a little ashamed of her wild little nursling after seeing Harry's gentlemanly manners. Papa and mamma too, for the first time, began to realize that Cathie had too much of her own will, and

a reproof often checked an action such as would have passed unnoticed a week before.

It was not altogether pleasant, and yet the little girl found herself often thinking over her own movements, as certainly she had never before done in her whole petted life.

One morning, when Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Byrne had driven over to Washington to make some calls, the children were left to Chloe, and were playing upon the shady side of the porch. They had had a tea-party with Cathie's tea-set, and Chloe's cookies and berries were all eaten up, when Cathie saw a bird fly in among the creepers over the top of the porch.

"There is that pretty red bird again!" she cried, springing to her feet. "Papa says he must have a nest up there under the eaves. I mean to see!"

"Why, Cathie," said Harry, looking up at the high porch roof above their heads, "how can you see away up there?"

"I can climb up on the creeper lattice and then hold on by the pillars at the top where they are cut out, you see, in fancy work, and poke my head round underneath the roof?"

"But you will fall!"

"No, I wont. I a'n't a baby like you, Harry Wood, afraid of falling all the time."

"I a'n't a baby!" said Harry, flushing up.

"Yes, you are! You're afraid of everything. You were afraid to climb into the cherry-tree yesterday, when Julius had the ladder up too, to get the cherries."

"I a'n't afraid, but I do n't want to!"

"If you was n't afraid, you'd do it. You do n't dare. I dare you to climb up the lattice now."

Cathie's tone was so taunting that Harry was roused at last.

"Well, I will!" he said, and put his feet on the slenderstrips of painted pine scarcely strong enough for even his little boots. Up he went, grasping the lattice nervously with both hands, his head growing dizzy, his hands getting cold and numb, while Cathie looked on, half exultant, half fearful.

Suddenly the lattice swayed a little under the child's weight, and all Harry's forced courage deserted him, while scream after scream of terror brought Chloe breathless and hurried to the porch.

"De gracious!" cried the poor old woman, looking up at the boy, who, pale and frightened, clung frantically to the frail lattice-work, bending under him. "What in de



varsal airth sent you up dar! Dat ar lattice a'n't strong 'nuff for a good-sized musquito!"

"O Chloe! oh, take him down! He will fall, he will!" screamed Cathie.

"Take me down! take me down!" sobbed Harry, who had stopped screaming to cry bitterly.

"You mus' come down yer own se'f, honey, said Chloe coaxingly. "Come, deary, put yer foot down to de nex' place, like a good boy."

"Oh, I'm afraid! I'll fall! I'll fall. Come up and take me down."

"Could n't, no way, honey. My foot 'd never find de right place, and I'd pull it all down for sure if I let myself hang on dar one minit. Come down yourself, honey!"

One little foot cautiously stepped down, while Chloe stood under the lattice coaxing and encouraging the child, who, blinded by tears and almost helpless with fright, was really in danger of falling. The old woman only waited till she could reach the little figure coming slowly toward her, to snatch it to her arms and carry it off into the house, speaking more sharply in her terror than Cathie had ever heard her speak before, as she said:

"Dat ar's some o' yer tricks, Miss Cathie. De chile

never done gone up dar 'less you put him up to it, an' he might 'en broke his neck, an' dar'd a been a nice time, for sure. You'd oughter be for shame yerself, dat's de trufe!"

And to make her words more terrible, Harry lay in her arms all limp and white, and no longer sobbing or screaming, but exhausted and faint. Poor Cathie's heart seemed to stand still with fear as she looked at him, and she timidly followed Chloe, who carried the boy to his room, loosened his collar, and bathed his face with vinegar and water, cooing and coaxing over him as if he was indeed the baby Cathie had called him. He trembled violently for a long time, and could not speak; but it completed Cathie's misery of self-reproach, when at last he turned his pale face to her and held out his hand, saying:

"Don't cry any more, Cathie! You did not mean to hurt me; and I guess I must be a baby after all!"

"O Harry! I never meant—" and then the sobs came so fast that Cathie could say no more, but ran out of the room.

In her own room she threw herself upon the bed and cried till she could cry no more. Then, without any orders, she followed Aunt Kate's rule for Harry, and sat down to think. A very miserable business she found it,

for she was a truthful little soul, even to herself, and she did not look for excuses. Many people, far older than little Cathie, would have spared themselves more than she did, in the very first experience she ever had of self-discipline.

"I guess I must be very bad," she thought forlornly, "for even Chloe seems to think so. I quarrel with Harry ever so many times every day, and forget all the time he's sick, and that is why he is afraid to race and climb. And he never, never would have gone up the lattice if I had n't called him a baby. And if it had broken! Oh, if it had, and killed him, it would all be my fault, every bit of it! and it's made him sick, anyhow, and Chloe is awfully angry. Oh, if I was only a good girl, I'd never act so! I wonder if I am sorry enough to say Harry's prayer. Aunt Kate told Harry he must be sorry first and want to be a good boy, and Jesus would help him! I ha'n't tried much to be good ever, but I will now! And Harry says he can't be good all alone, and that's why he asks Jesus Christ to help him. I don't remember Harry's prayer, and I don't know one of my own. I wonder if only asking will do?"

And Cathie knelt down, very quietly now, and putting her little hands together said, with low, reverent voice:

"Please, Jesus Christ, help me to be good, because I am very bad, and I don't want to be ugly to Harry, if you will help me be kind!"

Then the little girl got up and went on tiptoe to Harry's room. As she expected, her little cousin was sleeping, patient Chloe gently fanning him to keep away the flies. The old nurse looked up as Cathie came in, and her loving heart was touched by the penitent little face. She lifted the little girl to her lap, and held her there tenderly while she whispered:

"Dar, honey, don't fret no more! You did n't mean to scare Marse Harry so bad, Chloe knows; but he a'n't strong, no way, deary, an' yer mustn't put him up to climbing and racin', same as you does."

"I wont," said Cathie softly, "and he is n't half as ugly as I am, Chloe. If he had scared me and made me sick, I would have slapped him and pulled his hair, I know I would; and he wanted to make up, the first thing."

"Yes, honey, you's boff Chloe's blessins, so you is. You mus' try to 'member he's deliky, deary, an' not laugh at him. Boys do n't like dat ar, Miss Cathie, never! An' you'd oughter be good to yer little cousin, when you's going way off Norf wid him, to see grand sights. An' you's

mos' ready for sure, when you dressed by your lone self dis berry mornin' l'!"

For Cathie was practising the entirely new accomplishment of putting on her own clothes, so that she would be less care to Aunt Kate in the contemplated journey. Aunt Kate herself had gently suggested the practice, and Cathie was further spurred on by the fact that Harry never required any assistance from his mother in dressing.

But the truthfulness that was part of her nature spoke out at once under Chloe's praise.

"All but buttoning my dress and apron," she said; "I had to come to you for that, because I can't reach round. But my new dresses are all to have little basques that I can button myself in front! Wont that be nice?"

Chloe was quite ready to admire this improvement, and whispered,

"S'posin' you fan de flies off'n Marse Harry a little while, an' Chloe'll go make each'n you a cherry tart, 'gainst he wakes up. Think yer kin be quiet, honey?"

"I'll be quiet!" Cathie said, slipping off Chloe's lap and taking the fan. "I wont stir till he wakes up."

And she kept her word, though never before had she exercised the same self-denial. Many an hour she had kept Chloe beside her own bed, driving away flies and



keeping up a cool breeze, but never before had she put the restraint of watching and tending some one else upon her own active little hands and feet.

She watched the little pale face, resolving again and again to be gentle and kind to her cousin, and never give him an unkind word. All the love her heart had ever known was the love of those who petted and indulged her, and she wondered a little at her own willingness to pet Harry, and even give up her own way for his, as she was determined to do now. Self-sacrifice was a beautiful kindness little Cathie had never been required to practise, but her new resolutions made her feel very happy, even in the tiresome duty of sitting still beside her sleeping cousin.

But it was not long before Harry stirred, yawned, and opened his large eyes, and Cathie in a delighted tone told him how Chloe was occupied.

"You don't know how good Chloe's cherry-tarts are," she said, "and she always saves the very brownest for me!"





## CHAPTER V.

*JIM.*

THE delightful day came at last, when Aunt Kate and the two children were to leave Falls Church, to start upon the journey northward. Philadelphia was to be the first stopping-place, and it was decided that a night-journey would be the best, to avoid the heat for the little invalid.

All day Cathie was in a state of wildest excitement, watching Chloe as she packed the new trunk mamma had bought in Washington expressly for the little traveller, helping to fold the new dresses, aprons, and linen, though any one less good-natured than Chloe might have found the help a hindrance, and running out to the stable twenty times to tell Julius to be sure and harness the horses in good time.

Dinner was a mere form. How could any one sit quietly down to such everyday-work as eating dinner, when she was going upon a journey, actually to ride in the steam-cars all night. Cathie's only experience of steam-travelling was an occasional ride of an hour over

the railroad to some town where her papa had business, but the rapid motion was a great delight to her, and much of her pleasure lay in the prospect of such riding.

Harry for once was almost as much excited as his cousin, and Chloe had need of all her patience in the packing interrupted so often by the children.

But trunks were locked, corded, and strapped, and satchels snapped over the last things to go inside, and a luncheon-basket with all the dainties Chloe could think of and crowd in, all ready.

The children were bathed and dressed in cool linen travelling-suits, each provided with a satchel containing night-clothes and toilet-articles, and with a shawl-strap, Cathie's holding her new sacque, and Harry's his light overcoat. They had been told that satchels and straps were to be under their own care, as Aunt Kate had the tickets, checks, and her own satchel and strap to care for; and they gravely felt the responsibility of the trust.

"Because," said Cathie, "if I lose my satchel, I shall lose my new brush and comb, and the sponge-bag, and the clean ruffle for my dress, and the pincushion, and ever so many other things mamma put in there."

And Harry was quite ready to agree that the loss of either satchel would be a very serious matter in travelling.



Mrs. Byrne had urged her sister to take Chloe, being quite sure the care of two children would take all pleasure from her own share of the summer-trip; but Mrs. Wood would not be persuaded.

"I mean to teach both Harry and Cathie to take care of their own clothes and baggage," she said, "and I do not care to have a servant."

She had accepted Mr. Byrne's offer to write and secure rooms at the hotels where she proposed to stop, and had already secured those in Roxbury, where she intended to pass several weeks, so she felt no anxiety about the trouble of the journey, and smiled at her sister's nervous fears about her comfort.

Somewhat out of pity for Cathie's impatience, Mr. Byrne proposed leaving Falls Church an hour or two earlier than was at first intended, and making a call at R—— Barracks in Washington, where Mrs. Byrne had a cousin, one of the officers of an Infantry Regiment encamped there.

Aunt Kate shrugged her shoulders at first, saying,

"You know we fought on the other side;" but readily consented to make the call.

So immediately after dinner Julius drove the carriage round to the door, and the whole family got in, Cathie

anxiously watching the strapping of the baggage behind, to be sure her own new trunk was not left, while Harry clung to Chloe, wishing she was coming too.

But farewell was said at last to Chloe and July Ann, the only ones left at home, and the carriage rolled away with certainly two occupants entirely happy.

The excitement of the wonderful journey was already commenced, for the Long Bridge was under repair, and the carriage had to cross the Potomac at Georgetown upon a raft that was pulled across by ropes. It made the children hold their breath to look out of the carriage window and see Julius at the horses' heads, and only the boards of the rude raft between the carriage and the water.

Cathie wanted to ask Harry if he was not afraid, but she had become very careful about wounding her little cousin's feelings by this question, so she only grasped his hand hard in her own, while she whispered:

"O Harry, don't it seem as if we must go down in the water."

To her great surprise her little cousin, so timid always, replied:

"We are just as safe here as on the land, Cathie. God is watching us!" And there was not one shade of fear

upon the child's face. Cathie, who had not yet learned the difference between moral courage and physical daring, could only wonder why in real danger Harry was braver than herself, when he was so much more timid in play.

But the carriage was soon driving along on dry land once more, until, passing the White House, it turned a corner and halted at the gate of R—— Barracks.

Here a man in blue uniform undertook to inform Captain Goodall that his cousins were at the gate, and in a few minutes an officer hurried out who was affectionately greeted as "Cousin Robert," and who led the whole party to his quarters, leaving Julius in charge of the baggage, carriage, and horses.

"And," Cousin Robert said, after they were all seated in his quarters, "I have something for the little folks, too. Barker, take the children down and let them see Jim!"

The stiff orderly touched his cap, and then gave a hand to each of the little ones who walked beside him, very much wondering who "Jim" might be.

Across the sunny parade-ground, meeting officers, ladies, and even little children on their way, they were led to a wide platform around the soldiers' quarters, and found Jim was a great, shaggy, brown bear, lying sound asleep in the shade.

They clung a little closer to Barker, as they saw the huge animal, but he looked down and smiled, saying:

"You need n't be afraid. All the children play with him just like a big dog! Here, Jim!"

Jim lifted his head and blinked sleepily at the newcomers.

"Come, Jim," Barker said, "stand up and make a bow to the lady!"

Jim rose clumsily enough upon his hind legs, and then bent his head in a bow to Cathie, who laughed merrily as she dropped a little courtesy in return.

"Now, Jim, salute the gentleman," said Barker, and Jim lifted his paw in a stiff military salute to smiling Harry.

"Now give the lady a ride," Barker said, and Jim dropped down upon all four legs while fearless little Cathie was lifted upon his back, and, held on by Barker, carried the entire length of the platform and back. Harry had a ride in his turn, and then Barker said:

"Where is your musket, Jim?"

The bear raised himself again upon his hind legs, and took from a corner of the porch a wooden musket, but little smaller than an actual soldier's weapon. To the

great delight of the children, Jim, at Barker's word of command, went correctly through a regular drill, shouldering the musket, ordering arms, carrying arms, fixing and unfixing bayonet, and finally standing at "Attention," till Barker said parade was dismissed, when he carried his musket back to the corner.

By this time the children had lost all fear of the big, but gentle animal, and were willing to shake hands with him, fondle and caress his shaggy head, and feed him with the buns Barker took out of his pocket. But the bear expected something more, and growled at Barker until he went away a moment, returning with a glass half-full of a yellow liquid, which Jim drank with great relish and evidently thought his fair payment for his performance.

"What was that?" Cathie asked.

"Well, miss," said Barker, "that is Jim's only fault, he loves whiskey. If we don't give him a drink after he shows off, he gets sulky and savage. But he is content with one glass, and that is more than some people with sense are!"

"How funny!" said Harry.

"Well, I guess it's being with soldiers so much," said Barker. "He came from the Rocky Mountains, and be-



longs to one of the officers. The men make a great pet of him."

"Did the men teach him his tricks?" asked Harry.

"Most of them! Come, Jim, say Good-by."

Jim, who was again stretched upon the porch, growled and blinked, and the children merrily shouting "Good-by," were led back again to Captain Goodall's quarters. Here they found a luncheon of cake and lemonade waiting for them, which tasted very good after their long ride, and very soon after it was eaten they all bade the captain good-by, and entered the carriage again, to drive to the depot.

Mr. Byrne checked the baggage, took berths in the sleeping-car, put satchels and straps in the rack, and made all comfortable for the travellers, while Cathie stood with drooping lip, realizing at last that she was going to leave her papa and mamma for the first time in her life.

"Why, Cathie! Not crying?" mamma said, as a pair of clinging arms suddenly found their way around her neck, and a little choking sob was heard.

"Oh, I want you and papa to come too!" sobbed Cathie.

"Too late for that," said Mr. Byrne; "but you can go back with us if you wish, Cathie."

And I think he half-hoped she would, for the first parting was a trial to him and Cathie's mother, as well as the little girl herself.

"O Cathie! Who is a baby now?" whispered Harry, and Cathie lifted her face and answered quickly:

"I'm not a baby. Good-by, mamma! Good-by, papa!"

"Good-by, darling!" both cried, and there was embracing and farewell all round, till a whistle warned Mr. and Mrs. Byrne to leave the car, and Cathie found herself crying again, when papa put her hurriedly on the seat and left her.

But Harry called to her to look from the window, and she could see her papa and mamma blowing kisses to her as the cars began to move. Her own little hand was quickly lifted to return the kisses, and in a moment more the platform was out of sight, and they were moving more and more rapidly, the cars falling into the "jog, jog" that Cathie thought the most delightful of all motions.

Aunt Kate had taken a whole stateroom, and could put the children facing each other at the window, until the berths were opened, so that they could enjoy all the sights they passed while daylight lasted. There were no more tears, for Cathie's eyes were fully employed in look-

ing out upon the country, and her tongue busy in making her own comments and answering Harry's.

It was quite dark, and the lamp lighted in the car, when Aunt Kate opened Chloe's basket and gave the children their supper, while the porter made up the berths. They were tired enough to be willing to sleep when they were partially undressed, their white night-dresses on, and in the odd little shelves that were their beds for the night.

After they had said their usual prayers, Aunt Kate bent over the little kneeling figures and said in a low voice:

"O God, guard us through this night, and bring us to our journey's end in safety, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

And then kissing both faces tenderly, she lifted the little travellers to their berths, where they were soon fast asleep.







## CHAPTER VI.

*THE FIRST DAY IN PHILADELPHIA.*

BEFORE the children's sleepy eyes were opened in the morning, the cars had gone into the Philadelphia depot, and there was a hurried dressing while the carriage waited that was to take them to the hotel. The doctor had told Mrs. Wood that her little boy must make his long journey very slowly, so rooms had been engaged for a week in Philadelphia, and a week in New York, Aunt Kate intending to make these resting-places as pleasant as possible for the two children.

The breakfast in the long dining-room was quite an amusement to Cathie, whose bright eyes watched the travellers coming and going, the waiters with their white jackets, and the busy air of everybody in the room. More than once Aunt Kate had to check her comments made in rather too loud a tone, while Harry, more accustomed to city life, whispered:

"Ladies and gentlemen don't make remarks about folks at the table."

"But, Harry, that woman has such a very funny bonnet on, and she smacks her lips so you can hear her away over here."

"If you hear her lips, she can hear you," said Harry very gravely, "and she wont think you are very polite."

"I don't care," Cathie said, tossing her head. "I'll talk just as much as I please."

"Have you had enough breakfast?" Aunt Kate asked, and the children having eaten all they wanted, the party went to their rooms for bathing and clean clothing, much needed after the hot dusty journey on the cars. When they were all gathered again in Aunt Kate's room, she took Cathie's hand and drawing her to her side, said very gently, but firmly, "I cannot allow you to be so rude at the table, Cathie. If you cannot eat quietly, without making rude remarks about the people in the room, you must have your meals up here."

"I wont eat them!" said Cathie, "you sha' n't keep me up here. I wont stay!"

"Cathie!" Aunt Kate's voice was very stern, "Cathie, I do not let little girls speak so to me!"

"I will! I'll speak just as I please! You a'n't my mamma!" I want to go home! I wont stay with you to be scolded!"

A violent fit of crying ended this passionate speech, and to Cathie's amazement, Aunt Kate, instead of soothing her lifted her in her arms, carried her to her own room and put her in.

"When you can be a good girl you may come out!" she said, and closed the door.

The room was a very small one, opening into the larger one occupied by Mrs. Wood. Harry's was similar on the other side, so that both children could be near Mrs. Wood at night. Cathie raged up and down like a little fury, kicking at the door, screaming and sobbing, till she found she was making no impression whatever upon her aunt. In the intervals of her own noise, when she was gathering breath for another scream, she could hear her aunt's quiet voice and Harry's in conversation, as if there was no angry girl within hearing.

She stopped screaming at last, and sobbed more quietly, sitting down upon the floor, and feeling very homesick and miserable.

"I wish I had n't come!" she thought; "it is ever so much nicer at home! Mamma would never shut me up in a room for nothing. Well"—for again the little girl's truthfulness stood her friend, "not exactly for nothing. I was saucy! And Aunt Kate is very kind to take me with

her. But she has no business to say I sha'n't go to the table. But she only said I shouldn't go if I was rude, and made remarks. I guess it a'n't very nice to say things about people. I was all dusty and dirty, and had two great cinders in my eyes, and I shouldn't have liked anybody to say, 'What a horrid, dirty little girl!' I wonder what Aunt Kate and Harry are doing? It is hot in here, and stupid! I guess I'll say I am good!"

A timid rap upon the door brought Aunt Kate so quickly that Cathie thought she must have been listening for it, in spite of her talk with Harry. She opened the door quickly, saying:

"Did you want to speak to me, Cathie?"

"Yes, ma'am! I will be good. I won't be rude at the table again, if you will let me go down."

"Very well!" said Aunt Kate, "you can come out and look into the street while I unpack the trunks. We are going out soon for a walk."

Harry was already at the window looking at the people passing up and down Chestnut street, the horse-cars and wagons, carriages and carts. A very busy scene it looked to country-bred Cathie, whose tongue was soon running fast as ever in comment upon all she saw.

She was delighted when Aunt Kate gave her her best

dress, hat and boots, and sent her to her own room again to dress.

"I will come in presently and pin your necktie, Cathie," she said. "Harry, your suit is on your bed. You have both had a good bath, so you can soon be ready."

And very soon the little folks returned, dressed for their walk.

Then Cathie blushed with shame, as Aunt Kate handed her a dainty, silk parasol, with an ivory handle, saying:

"This is a little present I bought for you in Richmond, Cathie; but I thought it would be more useful to you in the city than on the farm, so I kept it for you."

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" and then Cathie's eyes filled with tears as she whispered, "I am very sorry I was so naughty, Aunt Kate, when you are so good to me."

"Who is kinder to you, Cathie, than I can ever be, and more pained when you are ungrateful and passionate?"

"Why, nobody!"

"O Cathie," said Harry, "you forget!"

"No, I don't! Mamma and papa give me what I want when I scream, but they are not here."

"But your best friend, Cathie, is always near, always kind, always grieved if you are naughty."

"Do you mean Jesus?"

"Yes, darling, your ever-present, kindest friend. Have you told him you are sorry and will try to overcome your passionate temper?"

"No! Shall I go now?"

"If you are sure you are sorry."

Cathie felt very sure of that, and went quietly to her own room, where she knelt down and whispered:

"O Jesus, I am very sorry I was such a bad girl. Please help me to be good."

Then she came out with a gentle expression upon her face that was not habitual there.

"Where are we going, mamma?" Harry asked.

"To the Mint. I want you to see how money is made. Most of the gold and silver made into money for this country is coined there."

"Gold and silver!" said Cathie, "I thought money was made of paper!"

"The money we are using now, is paper. But before the war, gold and silver were used as well as bank-notes. You shall see this morning what coins are like."

The walk up Chestnut street was full of interest for



Cathie, but Harry being more accustomed to the sight of gay stores and windows, was fretful over the many delays in their walk.

"I don't see what you want to look in every shop window for, Cathie," he said impatiently; "there is nothing at all there but old dresses and things!"

"But, O Harry, see the lovely flowers on that long, wide ribbon," said Cathie, with true girlish love of pretty things, "and the little ruffled parasols like mine, only not so pretty, and the—"

"I don't see anything there worth looking at," said Harry; "there is some sense looking in the toy-shop windows!"

"Let's find another one then," said Cathie, "and see the dolls and tea-sets."

"Pshaw! I like drums and guns and soldier-caps better. Mamma, wont you buy me one of those little camps to take home?"

"I will not promise," said Mrs. Wood, "but we must cross the street here, for that large building opposite to us is the United States Mint."

Harry's brow was not quite clear, for he had thought the little camps in the toy-shop window the prettiest toy he had ever seen, and it was seldom he was denied any

gratification money could buy for him. Teasing was something Mrs. Wood never allowed, and her "cannot promise" meant that the subject must be dropped for the time.

Cathie was too much bewildered with the number and variety of tempting things to have made any selection of what pleased her best; and knowing she could not have all she saw, she was content for the present to admire without possessing any of the pretty things.

She made a funny grimace in mockery of Harry's sulky lip, and then ran up the wide marble steps of the Mint, while Mrs. Wood and Harry followed more slowly. But once inside the building, Harry forgot his ill-temper in his great interest. The process of coining the bars of shining gold and silver into money was explained by the gentleman who escorted them from room to room, and they saw the bars rolled out, the coins cut into shape, the edges cut, and finally the stamp made that turned them from round, smooth pieces of metal into actual money. The beautiful, shining machinery was Harry's special admiration, but Cathie was more interested in the actual coins, and was quite sure that when she grew up she would like to be one of the girls employed in stamping and counting the bright money.

The children were scarcely old enough to appreciate the collection of foreign coins also shown to them, and thought they were not nearly so pretty as the new ones of their own country.

It was a long morning of pleasure, and when the party returned to the hotel, Mrs. Wood, whose sleep upon the cars had not been so sound as that of the two children, asked them to keep very quiet while she rested for an hour or two after dinner.

She took from Harry's trunk a large, square book of colored pictures that Cathie had never seen, and the children sat upon the floor in the large room to look at the prints, and read the stories attached to them.

Cathie could read well in short words, but her cousin had been at school for two winters, and read better than she. So, after some trials, she contented herself with looking at the pictures, while Harry, in a low, murmuring tone, read the stories. His voice was drowsy, for he did not wish to waken his mother, who was at the other end of the room, and as he read, Cathie's head bobbed about a little, her eyes drooped more and more, till she rolled over on the floor with her arm under her cheek, saying:

"I guess I'll lie down, Harry. It is so hot!"

"You're sleepy," said Harry indignantly, "and I wont read to you any more."

Cathie made no answer. Already Harry's voice and the noises in the streets were mingled in one monotonous hum, and weariness was coaxing her to imitate her Aunt Kate's nap. Harry put up his lip in a sulky way, feeling his efforts at entertainment were greatly slighted, and drew his book into his own lap.

The room was very quiet, and in a little while the large, black letters looked like straight lines, the pictures became all hazy, and Harry's eyes closed too, while he made only one effort to sit erect before rolling over upon the floor.

Aunt Kate, waking from a most refreshing nap, wondered what the children could be doing to be so very quiet, and sitting up upon her lounge, looked toward the corner where she had seen them last. There they were still, lying upon the hard floor, with no pillow but their own arms, both fast asleep.

Very softly Aunt Kate moved about the room, making her toilet for tea, and then, taking out a piece of embroidery, sat down to sew till the little ones awoke.

Cathie was the first to open her eyes, and spring to her feet, crying :

"O Aunt Kate, did you get a nap?"

"A nice long one, dear!"

The voices roused Harry, who sat up, blinking sleepily till Cathie's merry laugh roused him thoroughly, and he too sprang to his feet.

Then Aunt Kate talked with them about their visit to the Mint till tea-time, and after tea it was quite excitement enough to sit again at the windows watching the passers-by, seeing the stores and street lamps lighted, till, at nine o'clock, Aunt Kate sent both her little charges to bed.

And so ended the first day of Cathie's journey, a happy one, although there were some clouds to remember in it, before sunshine came.

## CHAPTER VII.

*CATHIE'S MORNING WALK.*

THE next morning Cathie was awake at her usual early hour, and being quite proud of her novel accomplishment of dressing alone, rose from her bed and put on the little wrapper and slippers that Aunt Kate had placed with her other clothes over her chair. Curling her hair was an easy matter, as a ducking with cold water and rubbing with a towel made it curl itself in long ringlets, only needing a parting at the top of Cathie's head. If this was rather zigzag, Cathie knew that her aunt would willingly make it straight for her when she woke up.

Her chintz wrapper with little rosebuds upon white ground, with ruffles on the sleeves and down the front, was part of her new outfit, and Cathie was sure nothing prettier could be found. She had never before owned an actual wrapper, made like her mamma's, and rosettes on her slippers were also something new. Aunt Kate was fast asleep when Cathie softly opened her own door and tiptoed into the larger room. For some minutes it was







sufficient amusement to stand before the long mirror and admire her new dress and slippers; but the quiet was very soon irksome to active little Cathie.

She opened the door leading into the wide hall, and closing it softly behind her, ran across the passage-way to the head of the stairs. It was but five o'clock, and only a few of the waiters and some early-starting travellers were stirring. It was quite amusing to peep over the banister and see the waiters hurrying to and fro across the marble-paved hall below, carrying trunks and satchels, sometimes a breakfast-tray, and far too busy to notice the eager child watching them. Travellers too began to come from the rooms in various parts of the hotel, and pass Cathie on their way down stairs to breakfast, or to the carriages waiting to take them to the trains.

But Cathie wanted somebody to share her pleasure, and tiptoed back to the room, in hopes that Harry was dressed. No sound came from his room, and Aunt Kate still slept.

Then a great project occurred to Cathie. She would take a walk before any one was stirring. Papa had told her often that it was her walk and running in the open air before breakfast, that made her bread and milk taste so sweet, and she was sure it would add to the nice taste of

all the good things she had already discovered were to be found at a hotel table.

It took but a minute to tie on her hat, and taking her precious new parasol, Cathie ran down the stairs and across the hall to the door opening on the street.

How very quiet everything seemed, after the busy bustle of the day before! Cathie walked on and on a long time, meeting only an occasional milk-cart or market-wagon, turning corners heedlessly, till she began to feel tired, and was sure her breakfast needed no further sweetening. Retracing her steps was something of which she had not thought, and when she turned back, she was unable to tell where she had gone round a corner, or where she had passed one.

The streets were filling too, very fast, stores were being opened, drays, carriages, and horse-cars were passing in all directions; and after running here and there without any idea of how to find the way back to the hotel, Cathie began to cry, screaming loudly.

In a very few moments a crowd had collected, adding to Cathie's terror by the sight of so many strange faces and eyes all around her, and the confusion of voices asking her more questions in a minute than she could have answered in ten.

"What is your name?"

"Where do you live?"

"How did you get lost?"

These and many more questions sounded all around her; but she only stood still, screaming and crying. While she was still in her first fright, a man in a tight blue uniform, with a large silver shield upon his breast, came up and speaking in an authoritative tone, said,

"Come! come! you must not block up the pavement in this way. What is the matter?"

"Child lost!" said several voices, making an opening in the crowd for the policeman to pass in.

"Stop that noise!" he said, giving Cathie a little shake, but not roughly.

She stopped, in sheer amazement at the stern tone.

"Now, what's the matter?"

"I can't find my way!" said Cathie with choking sobs.

"I came out for a walk, and I can't find my way back."

"Where do you live?"

"In Falls Church, Virginia!"

The policeman gave a long whistle, before he said:

"But where do you live here?"

"I do n't live here at all. We are going a journey."

"Oh, that's it! And what hotel are you stopping at?"

"I don't know. Aunt Kate and Harry are there. Oh, please, can you take me back?"

"I guess so, after a bit," said the policeman cheerfully; "you come with me now to the station-house."

Cathie put her little hand confidently into the one extended to her, and trotted along beside the policeman, already comforted, and looking with interest at the strange sights on every side. Never bashful, she told her new friend all about the journey, and the day at the Mint, also her own early rising and its consequences.

"So you went straight along from the hotel to the Mint?" asked the policeman.

"Yes; we did n't turn one corner, I am sure!"

"H'm! Guess we'll try the Continental and the Girard, before we go to the station-house," said the man; "but you've come a long way, miss."

And Cathie, whose little feet ached sadly, was ready to agree to this.

Up one street and down another, in what seemed a never-ending journey, she walked with as much patience as she could, till suddenly she gave a great cry, and pointed to the Continental Hotel,

"There it is! there it is!"

"Stop, stop!" said the policeman, as Cathie tugged to



release her hand from his grasp, "not so fast! We must be quite sure this is the right place."

"Oh, it is! I know it is!"

But the man kept his clasp on the little hand, though Cathie burst into angry tears at the detention. He walked into the office, asking,

"Child lost here?"

"I should say there was," said the clerk. "We have had about four hours of the liveliest time you ever saw! The lady is nearly crazy, and all the police-stations have been told to send out men. Where was she?"

"Girard avenue and Twentieth street."

"Whew! Did *you* find her?"

"Yes. I was just off duty, so I thought I would bring her down, though it is off my beat."

"Tom!" called the clerk, "show the policeman to Mrs. Wood's room; lady that lost the child!"

Tom was on the alert, and led the way up the wide staircase to the room. Cathie had ceased to struggle and sob, to listen to the clerk's statement, and to wonder what her Aunt Kate would do to her.

For the first time she saw that she had been wrong to leave the house without permission, and that there was good reason to expect some punishment. Very much

subdued she walked beside her new guardian, till Tom knocked at Mrs. Wood's door.

It was opened quickly, and in another moment Cathie found herself caught in her Aunt Kate's arms, and felt her kisses and fast-falling tears upon her face.

Aunt Kate, a big woman, crying like a child, was a surprise and a wonder to Cathie, and she could only whimper a little in return, too weary now for noisy grief.

She was put into any easy chair, and Aunt Kate talked to the policeman for awhile, while Harry stood off, looking at Cathie as if she had suddenly changed into a new strange animal. And the little girl almost felt as if she had, when Aunt Kate, closing the door once more, turned towards her. Instead of scolding her, as Cathie felt she deserved, Mrs. Wood sank on her knees before the chair, and fondled the pale, tear-stained face, sobbing,

"O Cathie! little Cathie! are you here again safe and unhurt? Oh, God heard my prayers for you, darling, and sent you home to me. I cannot forgive myself for not telling you not to leave the hotel alone, little Cathie!"

"Was n't Cathie naughty?" asked Harry gravely.

"I do n't think she intended to be," said his mother.  
"How came you to go out, Cathie?"

"You were asleep, and so was Harry," said the little

girl, "and I always go out before breakfast. I walked ever so far, and then I could not find my way back;" and here the child's lip quivered pitifully. "I am so tired and hungry, Aunt Kate."

"Poor child!"

"And I guess I was naughty too," said truthful Cathie; "was n't I?"

"It was naughty to leave the room without asking permission, dear. You might have been very badly hurt in a new place, and with the crowded streets. God kept you from harm, Cathie. Shall we thank him for watching you, and bringing you safely home?"

Cathie knelt before the easy chair and folded her little hands together, and Harry came to kneel beside his mother, while Mrs. Wood uttered a short, fervent prayer of thanks, in words simple enough for the children to understand. Then, again kissing the little wanderer, Mrs. Wood put her back in the easy chair, and rang for some breakfast. It was nearly noon by this time, and in spite of her usual active habits, Cathie was aching with fatigue. The hard bricks and stones of the streets had hurt her feet, accustomed only to country walking, and now that the excitement was over, weariness was making itself felt very severely.

She felt as if she never wanted her Aunt Kate to stop, after she began to bathe her swollen feet in warm water. But when they were dried on a soft towel, and the breakfast-tray made its appearance, Cathie found that she was as hungry as she was tired.

Harry, who had never seen his usually calm mamma so agitated as she had been during those few hours of suspense and terror, was inclined to resent this petting of the culprit. He stood beside the table watching Cathie eat her toast and eggs, while Mrs. Wood looked in the trunk for clean stockings, and after a long silence, said,

"I think you ought to be punished, Cathie Byrne."

He fully expected an angry retort, but Cathie was beginning to learn that her own way was not always the best way, and said, in a gentle tone,

"I think so too, Harry!"

"You do?" he cried, in great surprise

"Yes, I do; and I know Aunt Kate is very kind to me not to punish me. I love her dearly, because I know she had a right to be awfully, awfully angry, instead of petting me."

"She was so frightened, Cathie, you can't think how frightened, when she went to call you and you were gone. She got so white, oh, so dreadfully white, and called the

waiter to see if you were in the house. Then some of the men said you had gone out two hours before, and poor mamma began to cry; only think, a grown-up lady, crying! Then I cried too, and the men came up, and mamma sent them in every place to find you, and she cried so very hard she couldn't eat one bit of breakfast. She wanted to go out, but the gentleman who came up said you would be sure to be brought here if you were found, because word had been sent to all the police stations. So she waited, and she was praying when you came in."

Cathie was very much touched by this description of her aunt's sorrow, and clung to her all day, as she had never done before, having been a little afraid of her.

"I will never go out again without permission," she said, "and you may trust me, Aunt Kate, for I always keep a promise. Even if I am mad at Chloe, and want to bother her, I never do anything I have promised not to, because it is mean."

"Never?" asked Harry, his conscience telling him he could never make such a statement truthfully.

"Never!" repeated Cathie emphatically.

The little girl was nestled in her aunt's lap as she spoke, the tired little feet resting upon a pillow on another

chair. Mrs. Wood had judged it better for all to rest quietly after the fatigue and excitement of the morning.

"Is there no better reason for keeping a promise than that, Cathie?" she asked, as the child said the last words very earnestly.

"Yes. Papa says if you break a promise, you tell a lie. And it is mean to tell lies."

"Only mean, Cathie?"

Cathie did not answer at once, and Mrs. Wood looked at Harry.

"It is wicked too," the little boy said, his face flushing a little; "even if you are afraid, it is wicked to tell a lie."

"Why, Harry?"

"Because God says so! And he says he will never let a liar enter heaven. He hates lying."

"So you see, Cathie, there is a stronger reason than the one you gave for being truthful.

"But is n't it mean too, as well as wicked?"

"Very mean! When a little girl once gets in the habit of telling lies, even about trifles, she will go on adding one lie to another, and doing all sorts of mean things to hide her fault. But a truthful child, one who is to be trusted to keep his promise, and never tries to deceive, is generally brave and scorns anything mean."







## CHAPTER VIII.

*SEEING PHILADELPHIA SIGHTS.*

THE next morning Cathie awoke quite refreshed, but fully resolved to keep the promise made to her Aunt Kate the previous day, and remain quietly in her room until she received permission to come out. She dressed herself quickly, and then sat down by the open window, expecting to have a dull time before the others awoke, for she knew both her aunt and cousin slept till late.

The street seemed almost deserted, and Cathie found herself wondering how city people could get along without any hens or cattle, any lovely orchards to admire in the spring, and from which to gather fruit in the autumn. "Stores," thought little Cathie, "are very beautiful and full of fine things, but they are not so pretty as flowers and grass and peach-blossoms. I wonder how the hens get along now; I wonder if papa feeds them or lets Julius do it all the time! Julius don't feed hens nicely at all. He just throws the corn all down in great handfuls, and walks off. It is ever so much nicer to throw it down a

little at a time, and coax the hens up to you, closer and closer, till they get up on the step and in your lap to see if there is any more corn left. O dear! I wonder who is feeding them now! Papa is down in the hay-field, I know, because he told me he was going to cut the hay this week, and to-day is Friday, so he must be in the hay-field. Here comes a horse-car, same as we rode home in from the Mint. I like riding in horse-cars better even than the buggy. There are more folks! There is a boy taking down the shutters of that big store! He yawns as if he would split his mouth clear across! I don't think he is very quick about his work!"

But the coming of the boy gave Cathie something to interest her in her lonely musings, for he swept out the store, and then brought out a long hose and watered the pavement and dusty street in front. Cathie had never seen a hose, and she thought the stream of water glittering in the early sunshine with all the rainbow tints in the fine falling spray, was very beautiful. While she watched, the boy, looking up, caught sight of the eager face watching his movements, and made the stream of water waver in long, sweeping curves like a snake, by moving his hands, then shot one long stream straight in the air, to fall in many-colored drops again; and Cathie felt as if it

was going to be very stupid again, when at last he coiled up the long hose and took it into the store.

But very soon another store window was opened, and two men standing inside began to dress it for the day with drygoods. That was wonderful to see, for they had a long step-ladder, and began by draping bright-colored fabrics at the very top. All the many-colored goods Cathie thought she would never tire of admiring were arranged while she watched, boxes of collars opened, neckties put out upon the floor of the window, shawls, sacques, and gloves, little parasols opened and larger ones closed and stacked upon each side.

It was great fun to see two strong men so busy with the dainty goods, and Cathie was surprised to hear her Aunt Kate calling :

“Are you awake, Cathie? It is seven o’clock!”

She sprang up and ran to the door.

“Why!” Mrs. Wood said, “all dressed! You were so quiet, I thought you were asleep.”

“I’ve been up ever so long, but I told you I would not come out of my room till you called me; I did want to go down and ask the boy who was making water come out of a long snake, if he would let me hold it and shake the water out; but I remembered my promise.”

"That was a good little girl! I shall never be afraid to trust a little girl who keeps her promise so well. Come, Harry. Almost dressed?"

"There is a knot in my boot-lacing!" said Harry from his own room, in a whining voice.

"Can't you get it out?"

"No, ma'am! I've tried and tried!"

"Then I must help you," said Mrs. Wood, going into Harry's room. "Why, why! Not half dressed yet! Cathie is all ready for breakfast!"

"O dear, I've torn a button off my shirt-waist," said the fretful voice again, "and there is a great red stain on the front.

"Cathie! will you open Harry's trunk and bring me a clean shirt-waist?" Mrs. Wood said.

Cathie obeyed quickly, but wondered what made her aunt's face so very grave as she stepped to the door to take the waist from her.

"My necktie is all in a snarl," said Harry in a moment more, giving the ribbon a pettish jerk.

Mrs. Wood closed the door and looked at Harry.

"What else is in a snarl?" she asked gravely.

The little boy blushed, and his eyes drooped under his mother's look.



"You are all dressed now," Mrs. Wood said, "and you had better stay alone a little while before we go down to breakfast."

She left the room as she spoke, and joined Cathie at the window of her own room. Cathie's face was bright enough, as she told her aunt about the hose and the window dressing, and before she had quite described all the details, Harry's door opened again, and a sweet, placid face peeped out.

"I will not be cross now, mamma," the little boy said, lifting his face for a kiss. "Good-morning, Cathie!"

"Good morning! Do you think breakfast is ready, Aunt Kate? I am so hungry."

"Breakfast is always ready in a hotel, Cathie, till all the laziest people find their way down stairs. We will go down now!"

One of the amusements of which the two children had not yet wearied, was puzzling out the bill of fare, and speculating about the various dishes. Aunt Kate always gave the order, but if the children were curious about dishes she thought were simple enough for them, she was willing to gratify their curiosity, smiling at their comments, when a dish with a long, unpronounceable name proved to be "only meat," or "nothing but eggs."

Cathie, since her first morning's experience, had become more and more polite in her table manners, without any spoken word of reproof. She watched her aunt, and, being a quick child, caught all her movements, and in her childish way imitated them very gracefully.

She had been but little accustomed to eat with grown people, being, in true Southern fashion, in Chloe's charge at meal-times, and falling into awkward ways from eating alone, with no motive but to gratify her appetite.

But Harry, since the death of his father, had been his mother's companion at table, and was a thorough little gentleman in manners, watching to pass the dishes that were not near the others, and daintily careful about his napkin, and the handling of knife, fork, and spoon.

He had looked upon it as a kind of play at Falls Church, to eat at a side-table with Cathie under Chloe's petting, while the older folks were at a larger table in the same room, but he had told his mother in confidence, that Cathie ate with her fingers as often as with her knife and fork, and never asked nicely to be helped, but stretched away across the table and pulled the dishes all about.

So Aunt Kate was well pleased to see that the little girl was teaching herself to drop such rude manners, and learning to sit at table and eat like a little lady.

When breakfast was over, Mrs. Wood called the children to her side, and said :

“I am going to take you to-day to see some places that are interesting because they mark great events in the history of our own country, and I want you to understand something about them. Many years ago, the people in this country were under the rule of the king of England, and were called English colonists, because they came over from England to make new homes in a new country. They had had some fighting here with the Indians and with French colonists, but they all lived as British subjects for many years.

“Then the king of England began to make laws for them, that you will understand better when you are older. But these laws seemed to the American people cruel and harsh, and they resolved that they would not obey them. The king sent over his soldiers in large numbers to force the people here to submit to these laws; but they armed themselves and fought, till they drove the British soldiers out of the country, and the king knew he could not force them to obey him any longer. But it was a long time before this was done, and the Americans were not sure they could conquer the British forces, when they met and drew up a paper called the “Declaration of Independence.”

This paper declared the colonists would no longer submit to the rule of the King of England, and it was read in this city to the people on the eighth of July, 1776, by John Nixon. The building where this was read, or rather the building that was on a portion of the square where it was read, has been called Independence Hall ever since, and we are going to see it to-day. You, Cathie, living so near Washington, have heard your papa speak often of Congress."

"I know," said Cathie, "papa says that it is a meeting of men to make laws for the country."

"Yes, dear, you do know. Well the first Congress that ever met in this country, met in this city in 1774, before the Americans had declared themselves independent. It met in Carpenter's Hall, and we are going to see that too!"

After this talk, Cathie and Harry were greatly interested in their visit to the buildings spoken of, and listened attentively to the explanation Mrs. Wood gave them of the many things they saw. The liberty-bell, with its great crack, Cathie admired very much, and fully understood what her Aunt Kate meant when she told her of its first stroke given to tell the people they were free, and no longer under the rule of Great Britain.

But Harry was most impressed by being allowed to sit for a moment, in Carpenter's Hall, in a chair which George Washington had occupied. Like all American boys, Harry had learned to reverence the name of the Father of his country, and he was proud of being from Virginia, the state where Washington was born. Cathie told him he strutted about like a turkey-cock, he carried his head so high, after being lifted to the chair by the good-natured janitor. But before he had time to resent the speech his mother said gently, "After all, Cathie, it is something to be proud of."

And Cathie said, "Then I'll sit there too," and scrambled into the chair.

By the time they had seen all the sights in Carpenter's Hall and Independence Hall, and had gone to the top of the latter building and looked over the city, it was dinner-time, and both children were hungry. But when they were rested, Mrs. Wood sent down stairs to order a carriage, and drove out to Girard College. During the drive, Mrs. Wood told them of the generous man who had left a large sum of money to found this school for fatherless children, and give them an education without expense.

It touched Harry very deeply when he looked at the groups of merry boys who were on the play-ground, to

think they had all lost a father, and many of them their mother too, and he whispered to Cathie,

"Is n't it nice to think, Cathie, that they all have their heavenly Father, just the same as I have, though we have no papa here?"

"Ye-es," said Cathie, who had not yet felt that simple faith Harry had learned from his mother's teaching; "but they can't hug him and kiss him, and have him for a real true papa."

"Yes, he is, Cathie, real and true. We can't see him, but he sees us, and loves us too. And we can love him, if we can't kiss him as you do your papa."

"Do you?" asked Cathie.

"Yes; because mamma says He gives me everything I have, even my own mamma! You can't help loving him when you think, Cathie"

"Think of what?"

"Of all the things he gives us; the sun and the rain and grass and flowers, and everything. He must love us, when he puts all the beautiful things here, just for us."

"I never thought about that!" said Cathie. "Of course I knew God made everything, but it didn't seem as if it was for me, a little girl."



"Mamma says it is for each one. You can see the grass and trees, the same as big folks can."

Cathie assented, and a sweet gravity stole over her face as she thought of her lovely country home, that she had taken as an everyday matter, thinking nothing of the kind heavenly Father who made the earth beautiful for her, as well as for all his children.

Soon after, they climbed a great many stairs, to the roof of the college, and looked down upon the city.

Cathie could scarcely believe it was just the same city, it looked so different from this new place; but her Aunt Kate pointed out some of the buildings she had seen in the morning, and the river, now reflecting all the splendid colors of a sunset sky.

While they stood there the boys were summoned to supper, and they could see them leave their games on the play-ground and form into a long line, to march two by two into the dining-hall. Harry tried to count them, but soon gave it up, and contented himself with watching them as they wound like a long ribbon across the space below him, and into the hall.

He was a little timid upon the high roof, and afraid Cathie would fall, as she scampered fearlessly up and down, till Mrs. Wood called,

"Gently, Cathie. If you should slip here you would have a terrible fall."

And it pleased her greatly to see that Cathie gave up her dangerous play at once, and came to stand quietly beside her. And the little girl herself thought that having her own way had never given her so much pleasure as her aunt's low voice, saying,

"That is a good, obedient little girl."

The drive home in the cool air of early evening was very pleasant, and Mrs. Wood allowed the driver to go slowly through the streets, so that the children might see the store-windows lighted up with their brilliant gas jets.

But the pleasure of the day was not yet over, for, stopping at a large toy-store, Aunt Kate left Cathie and Harry for a few minutes, returning to place a large handsome doll in Cathie's arms, and the longed-for camp in Harry's eager hands.

"I thought," she said, in answer to Cathie's delighted thanks, "that it would amuse you in the morning to dress a dollie, while you are waiting for us to get up. All the clothing comes off, and I have the little nightgown in my pocket. The head, arms, and legs are china, so you may wash her every morning, and have her sweet and clean before you dress her."

"Oh, I will. I never had such a lovely doll! I have some at home, but I do n't play dolls much in the summer. I like being out doors better. May I put her in my bed?"

"You had better make her a bed on the lounge in your room. If you should be restless you might push her on the floor and break her."

"So I might! I will make her a bed with the high pillow I never use, and some of the bedclothes. She wont kick them all about as I do."

The evening was a very happy one. The new doll was named Rosanna, and was put to bed very early, after sitting in a chair beside Cathie at the supper-table. Then the new camp was spread out upon the table, the little tents put up, the soldiers stood in their places, and moved about as Cathie or Harry pleased. But nine o'clock found both children tired enough to be willing to leave even the new toy for bed, and Mrs. Wood heard their prayers, and saw them fast asleep, before she sat down to write to Falls Church, having only sent a telegram as yet to announce their safe arrival in Philadelphia.

## CHAPTER IX.

*HARRY'S GREAT FAULT.*

THE next day Cathie was delighted with a long car-ride, to visit the Fairmount Water-works. She thought it was the pleasantest way of riding she had ever tried, admiring the jingling bells on the horses, the changes of passengers, and the sight of the many city objects that were entirely new to the little country-girl. Kneeling beside each other at the open window, both children talked incessantly, till they reached the park, and entered the iron gates nearest the Water-works.

It was an oppressively hot day, and the fountains and river looked very delightful and cool. Finding there was a steamboat that would take them up the river and back, Mrs. Wood promised the children a sail, exacting a promise in return from Cathie that she would sit quietly beside her during the trip.

"I may kick my feet," said Cathie, "because I could n't promise to sit as still as Harry; but I wont jump up nor run about."







"Very well! Now we will go down these steps, and you shall see the great water-wheels that throw the water into the city."

It was deliciously cool down in the building where Mrs. Wood led the children, and they stood for a long time looking at the great revolving wheels, Cathie sniffing up the peculiar odor, which she said was sweeter than a clover-field.

When they came out there was a long walk up hill to see the reservoir. The children wanted to walk round the great basins of water, but the sun was beating down, and there was no shade, so Mrs. Wood decided it was best to return.

There was a little teasing, for Cathie wanted very much to run round the broad, smooth path; but she submitted with a tolerably good grace, and challenged Harry to a run down hill, leaving him so far behind her that he sat down on a bench and waited till his mamma overtook him, which she did just as Cathie raced back again, all out of breath, to say she had been to the foot of the hill and back.

The sail on the river was very pleasant, though poor Cathie fidgeted terribly, finding it very hard work to keep her promise and sit still.

"I didn't know," she said gravely, as they once more crossed the park on their way to the cars, "that it would be so awful hard to keep that promise, or I could not have made it."

Mrs. Wood smiled at the earnest little face.

"It is all the more credit to you that you did keep it so well," she said, "if it was such hard work."

"Is it? Am I a better girl if I keep hard promises than if I kept easy ones?"

"Yes. The more sacrifice there is in doing right, the more praiseworthy it is to do right. If it were as easy to be good as to be bad, we should not be doing wrong all the time. It is because we are so often tempted to do wrong, that we have so many commands from God to do what is right. He knows how hard it is very often."

After dinner, Mrs. Wood told the children to take a book and the new toys into Cathie's room, which had a front window, and to play quietly while she rested.

For a long time they were very busy with the camp; but after that was put into the box again, Harry declared Rosanna's face was dirty, and he was going to wash it.

"She is not dirty," said Cathie angrily, "she was all washed clean this morning, long before you were up, Harry Wood."

"I don't care, she is dirty now, and I am going to wash her."

"No, you can't! She is all dressed, and you will wet her clothes!"

"I wont, I'll only wash her face. You are just as mean as you can be with your old doll, anyhow. I let you play with my camp."

"So you did," said Cathie. "You may wash her face if you want to. But please don't wet her beautiful dress, will you, Harry?"

"I'll be careful!" said Harry, going to the washstand and lifting the water-pitcher from the basin. But his little hands were not equal to the weight, and as he held it up, it slipped from his grasp and fell upon the floor, wetting the carpet and breaking the handle of the pitcher.

Both children gave a little frightened cry, and Mrs. Wood started from her nap. But as she lifted her head she heard Harry say,

"Hush, don't wake mamma! Get the towels, quick, Cathie, and wipe up the wet."

"Oh, what a slop!" said Cathie in a whispering tone that was half laughing.

"Hush!" said Harry again, "mamma will hear you, and know we've broken the pitcher."

"Why, of course she'll know that," said Cathie, "because we'll tell her when she wakes up."

"No, we wont! I can stand it back in the basin, and put the handle on this way; and when the chambermaid comes to fill it, she will think she broke it."

"But she might get scolded or something, Harry!"

"Well, I do n't care."

"But Aunt Kate might ask us if we broke it?"

"And I suppose you will be a mean telltale, and say I did," said Harry, who was very pale and trembling with excitement.

"I do n't want to be mean," said little Cathie, very slowly, "but suppose she asks me, I can't tell a lie about it!"

"That's only a fib!"

"A' n't fibs lies?"

"No! Lies are great, big, awful lies, like saying you did n't take money when you did, or something dreadful like that. Fibs are only about little things."

Cathie looked puzzled.

"I thought all lies were just lies," she said in a doubtful tone, "and you are so much gooder than I am, Harry, I know you would n't say so if it was not so."

If the child had studied for a week to strike a blow at

Harry's conscience, she could have said nothing to rouse him more than that. He looked at her a moment, his lip quivering, and then said faintly,

"I a'n't gooder than you, Cathie!"

"Oh, yes, you are, because you mind quick, and do n't tease and scream. And besides, do n't you remember you told me you were one of Christ's children. I a'n't half good enough for that, though I mean to try real hard after this."

"Oh, Cathie, I a'n't, I a'n't," cried poor Harry, breaking into passionate sobs, "I'm ever so much worse than you are. Getting mad and teasing a'n't half as bad as fibbing! Oh, I meant to try, I meant to try never to tell another fib! Oh, what shall I do!"

It was hard work for Mrs. Wood to sit still as these words came to her distinctly, but she waited to hear what Cathie would say.

"What makes you tell a fib then, Harry?" Cathie asked presently.

"Because I did n't want mamma to know I broke the pitcher. But I thought I never, never would again, after I was so sick, because I said I would be one of Christ's children when I got well again."

"But before that?"

"All the little black children told fibs, Cathie, and it never seemed awful bad to me, until mamma found me out in ever so many, and used to talk to me, and read in the Bible about God's hating a lie. And I did mean to stop. But when the pitcher fell down I didn't think of anything but hiding it!"

"I suppose," said little humble Cathie, "it is because nobody ever cared much if I did break things that I never tried to hide it. Perhaps if I had been punished I might have told fibs, too. But don't you know, Harry, Aunt Kate said this morning that God was better pleased if we did good things that were hard, than if they were all easy."

"I know," sobbed Harry.

"So if I were you," said Cathie very gravely, "I would stop crying, and when Aunt Kate wakes up, I would go in and say, 'I broke the pitcher, mamma, but I am very sorry.'"

"O Cathie, maybe she will be very angry. She is so grave when she is displeased with me, that I can't bear to look in her face."

"But if you are sorry?"

"She is n't angry, if I am sorry."

"A'n't you sorry now, or can't you be sorry till you stop and think about it?" asked Cathie.



"I don't know. I only seem to be afraid!"

"Don't you feel sorry enough to ask Jesus to help you?" said Cathie timidly, feeling as if she was not yet good enough herself to advise her cousin.

Harry covered his face, and after a moment said:

"I will go in my own room and think, Cathie!"

"Harry!"

Cathie's voice was very low and timid.

"Well?"

"Do you think I had better ask Jesus, too, to let you tell your mamma, and not be afraid?"

"Yes, please," said Harry; and then Mrs. Wood heard him tiptoe across the room to his own door.

The children little guessed how fervent a prayer was added from Mrs. Wood's lips, to their own childish petitions, as they knelt down to ask Christ to help Harry to be brave and tell his mother the truth.

There was a deep silence in the room where Mrs. Wood lay still waiting for her boy to come to her willingly. She heard Cathie steal in softly and go to the window, where she stood looking out quietly, and she saw that the little girl's face was pale, as if she felt something of great importance was coming.

At last the door of Harry's room opened, and the little

boy came out, his eyes shining with a steady resolution, his head erect and fearless. He crossed the room to Cathie's side, and whispered,

"I did think, Cathie. And I will tell mamma as soon as she wakes up."

Then Mrs. Wood, feeling that the child had borne enough, moved to let the children see that she was awake.

In a moment Harry was beside the lounge.

"Mamma," he said, "I broke the water-pitcher in Cathie's room. I am very sorry."

"How did it happen, Harry?"

"I wanted to pour out some water to wash the doll's face, and the pitcher was too heavy."

"Well, dear, we must get another one, I suppose. But I am glad you were a brave little boy and told me the truth about it. Breaking a pitcher is an accident, or at the worst a careless fault; but hiding that fault or telling a falsehood about it, is a great fault."

The little boy's lips quivered as he nestled up to his mother.

"Yes, mamma, I know," he said, "but it is so dreadfully hard to tell the truth, sometimes."

"Very hard this time, Harry?"

"Very, very hard, mamma."

"It will not be so hard next time, darling. And each time you overcome the temptation to hide a fault or tell an untruth, you will find it come easier and easier, till you will wonder that you were ever afraid."

"Like Cathie?"

"Yes; Cathie is a very truthful little girl. Now kiss mamma, and go with Cathie to your own room a little while, until I dress for tea."

Harry lifted his face eagerly for the expected kiss, and then, with a light heart, ran to his own room with Cathie.

"There!" said the little girl when they were once more alone together, "isn't that ever so much nicer than having to think about that horrid pitcher all the time, to hide it?"

"Ever so much nicer. And I will try, Cathie, never, never to tell a lie again!"

After tea, as they sat at the window looking into the street, Mrs. Wood read to the children the story of Ananias and Sapphira, who were stricken dead because they spoke falsely to Peter, and talked with them for a long time about the beauty of perfect truthfulness and the wickedness of even the smallest deviation from truth.

Cathie, listening earnestly, asked,

"What is the difference really, Aunt Kate, between fibs, and falsehood and untruth and a lie? You call it

falsehood and untruth, and Harry calls it fibbing, but Chloe calls it a lie."

"And Chloe is right, dear. It is an ugly name for an ugly sin; but in the Holy Scriptures there is no soft word for the hard, wicked sin. Untruth, falsehood, or fib, all mean just one thing, and that one thing is the lying we are warned again and again in God's Holy Word to avoid. There are no little lies and big lies, Cathie; they are all black and ugly, whether told by little children about a childish fault, or by wicked men about a great crime. Your soul is like pure water, when you are perfectly truthful; but every time you speak falsely, it is as if some one put an inky finger into the water to make it impure and cloudy. Every time the clear pure brightness of perfect truth is soiled, it leaves its mark upon a child's soul. So, little ones, keep your soul bright with truth, for God will see every stain there, if you hide them ever so well from your mammas."







## CHAPTER X.

*THE JOURNEY CONTINUED.*

THE next day was Sunday, and the children accompanied Mrs. Wood to church in the morning. In the afternoon, instead of Sunday-school, they had a long, quiet talk, and read to Mrs. Wood from her Bible some of the precious promises of Christ to those who believe in him, and try to follow in his footsteps.

After sunset they listened to some sweet hymns sung in a house across the street. When they were going to bed Mrs. Wood said,

"I think you are rested enough to continue our journey, Harry!"

"Oh, yes!" said restless little Cathie. "You are, I know! And we will go on the cars again."

"Yes," said Harry. "Where are we going now, mamma?"

"To New York next. We will remain here quietly all the morning, and leave Philadelphia by an afternoon train, that will arrive at New York before it is dark."

"Oh!" said Cathie, dancing about on her toes, "wont it be splendid!"

It was quite pleasure enough the next morning to pack the trunks, both children being allowed to help, by taking the articles from bureau-drawers and wardrobes to hand to Mrs. Wood. The linen travelling-dresses, nicely washed and ironed, were ready for a fresh start, and the satchels and straps were found to be safe and in good order.

"We shall not need a luncheon for a three hours' ride," said Mrs. Wood; "we will have a late dinner, and be in New York at tea-time."

"There are lots of crackers in our satchels," said Cathie; "Chloe put them in, and we did n't eat one. O Aunt Kate, shall I put Rosanna in the trunk, or carry her in my arms?"

"I think your satchel and strap will be quite as much as you can attend to. And besides, Rosanna's silk dress will be ruined, I am afraid, if she travels in it. When we get to Roxbury I will make her a plainer one for country walking and riding."

Cathie looked rebellious. She wanted to carry Rosanna in her arms; but after a little struggle she gave up pleasantly, and handed that young lady to Mrs. Wood to be put to bed in a trunk.

Then the waiter came to cord the baggage and take it down stairs to be ready for the hotel coach to the depot. The children were all dressed, and as soon as dinner was over they scampered up stairs for their straps and satchels, looked out of the window to say Good-by to Chestnut street, and followed Mrs. Wood to the coach. This was a new kind of carriage to both of them, and they clambered up the high steps and into the back seat, quite prepared to enjoy their ride to the depot.

Mrs. Wood had bought her tickets and checked her baggage before leaving the hotel, so there was no delay at the depot, and they were soon seated in the car waiting for the train to move. It was sufficient amusement to keep even restless Cathie quiet, to see the bustle all around her, travellers coming in and selecting seats, parties bidding each other farewell, the great baggage-barrows wheeled across the platform, and all the usual movement of a departing train, that is really so orderly, and yet looks so much like confusion.

But the whistle was blown at last, and the train was moving out of the depot into the open space that seemed quite dazzling for a moment in the afternoon sunlight. Mrs. Wood had a newspaper, and had asked the conductor to turn a seat over, so that one of the children could

face the other at the open windows. She had learned that Cathie could be fully trusted to keep a promise, so she exacted one that she would not put head or hands out of the window, knowing she could trust Harry's timidity for keeping his inside.

She read a long time, while the chatter of the busy tongues never ceased. Every stopping-place was a subject of curiosity, and there was something new to talk about every moment.

"I think," Cathie said at last, after she had tried every position to be practised in the limited space, "I will stand up awhile and eat some of Chloe's crackers!"

"So will I," said Harry. "Oh!"

This last exclamation, echoed by Cathie, was caused by the appearance of two large oranges from Mrs. Wood's satchel.

"I will peel them for you," she said, "while you get the papers of crackers from your own satchels."

This was quite a task, for the crackers were at the bottom of the bags, and all the articles on top had to be taken out and put on the unoccupied half of Cathie's seat. But putting them all out and in again took up the time required for peeling the oranges, and then both children offered Mrs. Wood a share of their luncheon.

She took one small cracker from each bag, but declined a share in the oranges, and took out a book from her satchel to read again, while the little ones enjoyed their luncheon.

They stopped at a station before this was quite over, and Cathie caught sight of a girl near their window, a ragged, barefooted little creature, not so old as she or Harry.

"Poor little girl," she said pitifully; "suppose we put the rest of the crackers and a piece of orange in the paper, and drop out to her, Harry."

"I will," was the reply; "two pieces of orange, one of yours and one of mine."

The little package was quickly made and dropped at the child's feet, Cathie and Harry both shouting,

"It's for you! It's for you!" as she looked up surprised. In a moment more she had opened it, and was nodding and smiling her thanks as the train moved on again.

New York was reached just at dusk, after a short sail on a ferryboat, that seemed very cool and pleasant after the heated, dusty cars.

"I wish we were going ever so far on this boat," said Harry wearily, leaning his head on his mother's arm.

"I think you are tired enough, dear, without going ever so far to-night. When we go to Boston we will have a long sail."

"When are we going?"

"This day week, I hope. You will find a great deal to see in New York, so you must have a good night's rest, to be fresh and bright for sight-seeing to-morrow."

"I like sight-seeing," said Cathie. "I would like to go all over the world. O Aunt Kate, what a great lot of ships. Where do they all go?"

"Where you were just wishing to go, Cathie; all over the world! But here we are! Keep close beside me. Have you your satchels and straps?"

"All safe!" the children replied, and followed Mrs. Wood to the carriage that was to take them to another hotel.

After supper was over the trunks were brought up stairs, but it was found that only two rooms had been engaged, so Cathie was to sleep with her Aunt Kate, while Harry had the small room next the large one.

"Please, Aunt Kate, may I take Rosanna out of my trunk," Cathie asked, "and undress her? She must be so hot shut up in there!"

"I think you will find her quite cool and composed,"



said Mrs. Wood, laughing; "but you may take her out. You will have to open your trunk for your own night-clothes."

"Oh, you dear darling!" Cathie cried, lifting out the doll; "you are not mussed a bit. Do n't you want to kiss her, Harry?"

"Not I," said Harry, turning his head aside, as Cathie held out the doll; "I'd just as lief kiss a teacup as a china doll!"

"Do n't, then!" snapped Cathie. "She's ever so much nicer than boys' toys."

Mrs. Wood, seeing little faces clouding rapidly, spoke then, and told the children it was nearly nine o'clock, and Harry had better go into his own room, where she had lighted the gas.

"Say good-night to Cathie, Harry," she said pleasantly, and Harry held up his lips.

"I'll kiss *you*, Cathie," he said, and seeing that his mother looked pleased, added, "and you may kiss Rosanna for me."

Cathie was quite ready to be good friends, and kissed her cousin good-night, with smiling lips, and then transferred the pressure to Rosanna's face, saying,

"She is prettier than a teacup, Harry!"

"And never looks cross," said Aunt Kate, smiling. "Are you too tired to undress her, Cathie?"

"No, indeed! I can do that while you hear Harry's prayers, and undress myself when you come in here again."

"Very well. She can have a bed on the lounge. Come, Harry."

"My head aches, mamma," Harry said, after he was undressed, "and my throat burns dreadfully."

Mrs. Wood took some perfume from her satchel, and bathed the little head that was feverish and throbbing with pain.

"Cathie," she called, "are you undressed?"

"No, ma'am; I have just put Rosanna to bed."

"Will you ring the bell, dear, and ask the waiter to bring me a glass of iced lemonade?"

Cathie obeyed very quickly.

"Shall I bring it to you?" she asked, when the man brought the tumbler.

"Yes, dear. Harry is not well."

Very carefully Cathie carried the tumbler into the little room, and was sent back to her aunt's satchel for a small vial and glass.

"Must I take those nasty drops?" Harry asked, his face clouding.

"I think you had better, dear. You would not like to have the fever again?"

"No; but they are so bitter."

"I have a nice glass of lemonade for you, to take the taste away."

The medicine was taken, Cathie standing near, wondering to see Harry's cheeks so red and his eyes so bright.

"He don't look half as sick as he does when he is so white," she thought, knowing nothing of fever-flush.

"Now, Cathie," Aunt Kate said, "you may take a piece of ice from the pitcher of water in the next room, and put it in this basin, with a little water, and bring me some handkerchiefs from my satchel."

"Are you going to put them on my head, mamma," asked Harry?

"Yes, dear! We will put in a little Florida-water, and wet the handkerchiefs in the basin."

"Oh, how good it feels," Harry said. "Thank you, Cathie, for fixing it so nicely."

"Can I do anything else, Aunt Kate?" Cathie asked.

"No, dear. You can undress, and I will come in soon to hear your prayers."

When the little girl was ready for bed, her aunt came

in, and she was surprised to see tears in the soft dark eyes.

"Is Harry very sick?" she whispered.

"No, darling, he is not very sick now. But he is weak and feels the heat and fatigue. We must let him rest quietly for a day or two."

But Mrs. Wood was touched by Cathie's low voice adding to her usual prayer the whispered words, "Please, God, make Harry better!"

She knew the short, simple petition came from the child's heart, and she kissed her tenderly as she whispered "Amen."

The next morning called for the strongest proof Cathie had yet given of that new gentleness and power of self-denial that was growing stronger each day in the nature that had been so self-willed. In a new place, knowing there were all sorts of tempting sights outside of the hotel, it was very hard to hear that Harry, though much better, must lie quietly abed all day.

"Can't we go out at all?" Cathie asked with a quivering lip.

"Not to-day, dear. I have been up all night with Harry, who was feverish and restless. The fever is gone, this morning, but he must keep very still, and try to sleep."

“Could n’t you and I go?”

“We could, if you think it would be kind to leave Harry alone!”

Cathie looked into her aunt’s face. It was very pale, and her eyes had a tired expression. There was a struggle in the little girl’s heart, for she was but little accustomed to think of other people’s pleasure or comfort before her own. Harry had been lifted in the morning into the freshly-made bed in the larger room, and was lying there pale and languid, and Cathie’s eyes turned from Mrs. Wood’s face to that of the little invalid.

After some minutes of silence, Cathie said,

“It would not be kind, I am sure, Aunt Kate; I should n’t like it myself, one bit. But did n’t you go to bed at all?”

“No, dear!”

“Well!” and the little face was bright and eager; “if you will lie down now and take a nap, I will sit by Harry and fan the flies away, as you were doing.”

“You are a very kind, thoughtful little girl, Cathie, and I will be very glad to do as you say after breakfast. I have ordered the tray to be brought up here, so we need not leave Harry alone. But after we have eaten, I will go into the little room and try to sleep, if you will sit here.”

It pleased Cathie greatly to see that her aunt was willing to trust her, and to make her useful. She carried Harry some tea and toast on a tray, and fed him with a saucer of ripe strawberries, that were refreshing to the fever-parched mouth. Then she ate her own breakfast, and saw the tray carried away, and her aunt go into the little room after giving her the large palm-leaf fan.

Harry was drowsy and not inclined to talk, and Cathie's patience had a severe strain in the next two hours. But she was learning self-denial, and she kept her promise to be still, fanning Harry gently, and putting iced drink to his lips when he asked for it.

She felt fully rewarded when Mrs. Wood came back, looking much brighter, and said,

"Thank you, very much, Cathie! I feel perfectly rested, and Harry looks as if he had had the best of care."

"I guess it was one of the hard things for Cathie," said Harry, "for she made awful faces sometimes!"

"O Harry," said Cathie, blushing brightly; "did you see me? It was only when my legs felt all stiff and funny, hanging down so long, without kicking or running."

"They may have a little run now," said Mrs. Wood;



"you may go across the hall, and out upon the balcony. It is shady there now. But promise me you will not go off the balcony."

"I promise."

"You can look down on Broadway, and you will find more to interest you than you did on Chestnut street. Be careful not to lean too far over the railing."

Well pleased to be released, Cathie spent a long time upon the balcony, very much interested in watching Broadway, the passing omnibuses, the crowds of people, the stores, and most especially the many children. She was surprised when summoned to dinner in Aunt Kate's room.

But she found Harry up and dressed, sitting in a large arm-chair, and evidently much better. When dinner was over, the toy-camp was unpacked and the children played happily together till sunset, when Mrs. Wood took them both on the balcony for the cool evening air. She smiled tenderly at Cathie, when she saw the little girl select the easiest chair for her cousin, bring a stool for his feet, and tend him with a little womanly air, as if she felt a new importance in her nursing duties.

Then she pointed out to him all that she had found most interesting in the morning, and nestled lovingly by

her aunt's side, surprised to find the day she had dreaded had passed so quickly and happily.

"If Harry continues better," Mrs. Wood said, when she gave Cathie her good-night kiss, "we will drive to Central Park to-morrow, and spend several hours there. Did you ever see a menagerie?"

"Never! What is it?"

"A collection of wild animals, lions, bears, tigers, and beautiful little antelopes and deer."

"O Aunt Kate!" said Cathie, "are we going to see those?"

"I hope so, to-morrow! There is a large menagerie at the Park, besides many other things you will enjoy. And there is plenty of room for your restless little feet to race and run too, Cathie! They have been so still to-day, they will be fresh for a good run to-morrow."

Then Mrs. Wood said Good-night, and Cathie nestled down upon her pillow to dream of bears and tigers, and the promised pleasures of the next day.





## CHAPTER XI.

*A WEEK IN NEW YORK.*

THE next morning Harry was much better, and very willing to take the promised drive to Central Park. A heavy rain had fallen during the night, and the air was deliciously fresh and cool, when the party left the hotel in an open barouche, to visit the beautiful large grounds that Cathie declared were like the country, her own home.

They drove slowly through the Park, looking at the lake, the many pretty sights in every part, seeing little children riding in the goat-carriages and on the gentle camels, watching the white swans that came to the edge of the lake to take bread from the hands of little girls and boys like themselves, and finally stopping in front of the Arsenal, where they left the carriage, in order to see the Museum and the Menagerie.

It was Cathie's first sight of wild beasts, but she recognized many of them from having seen their pictures in her toy-books. She was not afraid, and more than once Aunt Kate's voice called her from too close a look into the

cages; but she was full of eager questions and pleasure. Harry was more timid. Once when a lion gave a loud roar, and Cathie gave a little gasping cry of surprise and delight, Harry clung to his mother, shivering with fear.

"If he should get out, mamma," he whispered.

"There is no danger, Harry. See how quiet he is now, and what strong heavy bars hold him in."

"I don't like to look at them. They are so fierce and big."

"Look at these, Harry," Mrs. Wood said, turning to the beautiful gentle giraffes; "see how tame they are," she added, as one bent his head to her caress; "are they not lovely?"

"And this pretty antelope, mamma! See, he is licking my hand. How funny and rough his tongue feels."

Cathie looked at the antelope a moment, and then said,

"Oh, if I was shut up like that great tiger, I am sure I should roar and tear at my cage, till I killed myself. How can they live so?"

"It does seem cruel," Mrs. Wood said, "when one thinks of the great wide forests that are their native homes. But some of these animals were born in cages, Cathie, and do not know anything about freedom."



"It makes me want to open their cages and let them all out, Aunt Kate, when they walk up and down like that leopard."

"O Cathie!" said Harry, turning pale, "how can you talk so? If they were all out they would eat us up. That great tiger looks now as if he would like to jump right at us!"

"Do n't he?" said Cathie, jumping up and down; "he is such a beauty! Oh, see, Aunt Kate, how his big eyes shine!"

Mrs. Wood thought with Cathie, that the fierce savage creature was very beautiful, but agreed with Harry that she had rather admire him in a cage than running about.

The Museum was another great delight, more so to Harry than to Cathie, who preferred the animals. The little party walked from one building to another, laughing at the monkeys with their funny antics, admiring the tamer animals grazing on the meadows, and lingering a long time to admire the sea-lions in their large tank.

Finding the children were so happy and deeply interested, Mrs. Wood drove to the restaurant in the Park and dined there, and then allowed Harry and Cathie to remain upon the broad walks and under the shade-trees until after

sunset, when the drive homè, in the cool evening air, was another pleasure.

It was a long time after their return home before the children could cease to talk of the many delights of the day, Cathie keeping her admiration of the wild, fierce animals she thought it so cruel to cage, while Harry was sure the tame, gentle creatures that could be petted and caressed, were far more beautiful.

Meanwhile Aunt Kate noticed with pleasure that their most animated discussion did not result in anything more serious than a difference of opinion, and there was no quarrelling.

The next day, being very warm, was spent at the beautiful beach at Rockaway, and although not allowed to join the bathers, Harry and Cathie found more delights than would have seemed possible at first in this seashore visit.

They pulled off shoes and stockings, and ran about upon the hard sand, letting the waves come near enough to kiss their rosy toes, and then running back, shouting and laughing, out of their reach. For one day at least Harry lost all his timidity, following wherever Cathie led, sailing boats of chips, digging for live clams, and making letters upon the hard sand for the waves to wash away.

They found a few little shells to keep in remembrance

of their visit, and when their appetites were sharpened by the keen sea-breeze, they were sure nothing could taste better than the dinner Mrs. Wood ordered at the hotel.

After dinner, very reluctantly they gave up any more barefooted scampering, Mrs. Wood being afraid they would blister their feet if too long exposed to the hot sun and sand. Cathie tried teasing for awhile, not in her usual stormy fashion, but coaxingly, and was surprised to find her aunt could resist that as well as tears and screams.

"I never deny you any pleasure that I think it is right you should have, Cathie," Mrs. Wood said pleasantly, but firmly, "and when I do not think it right, it is quite useless to coax me."

"But just a few minutes!"

"No, dear. You would be very sorry to-morrow if you had to sit in your room all day, to nurse two little blistered feet, all sore and smarting. When I was a little girl I went one day to the seashore, and while my mamma and papa were with some friends, Louey—"

"My mamma?" said Cathie.

"Yes, dear; your mamma and I were allowed to run barefooted on the sand, with Chloe to watch us."

"Our Chloe?"

"Your Chloe. She was our nurse, or 'mammy,' as we

called nurses in the South then. Well, dear, you know Chloe is very easy to coax, and we coaxed her for a few minutes more and a few minutes more of our pleasure, till the time came to go home. When we were undressed in the evening, and our stockings were pulled off, great pieces of skin came too, and before morning our poor little legs and feet were covered with large blisters. These smarted like burns, and for more than a week we hobbled about with linen bandages soaked in ointment, instead of shoes and stockings, and even then ready to cry with pain half the time."

"I am sorry I teased," said Cathie; "thank you for telling me, Aunt Kate. Neither Harry nor I, I am sure, want to be a whole week in the house with blistered feet. Do we, Harry?"

"No, indeed," said Harry, who was leaning against his mother's arm. "See those great waves come rolling in, Cathie!"

"I see! I could stay here for a month and not get tired. I wish we were going to the seashore instead of to Roxbury."

"We can spend many such days as this, Cathie, for there are seaside places all around Boston, and we are going near Boston to stay."

"Mamma!" Harry said, after a few moments of silence, "was it upon such waves as these that Jesus walked?"

"Yes, darling. The disciples had gone down to the sea in a ship, as Jesus had commanded them, and were watching for him to come. He had gone to a mountain alone, to pray, but in the midst of the sea the waves were high, tossing the boat about. And Jesus went out to the boat, walking upon the waters; and when the disciples saw him coming, walking on the sea, they thought it was a spirit, and were afraid. But Jesus called to them, 'Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.'"

"Tell us the rest, mamma, about Peter."

"Peter said, 'Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water.' And when Jesus said, 'Come,' Peter walked towards him on the waves. But the wind was high, and the sea rough, and Peter thought he was going to sink, and called out in fear, 'Lord, save me!' Then Jesus held out his hand to him, and held him up out of the water, saying, 'Oh, thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?'"

"Oh," said Cathie, with a long breath, looking at the waves, "I should be afraid too!"

But Harry's eyes, deep and earnest, were full of child-like faith, as he said,

"I should be afraid, awfully afraid, to go down there and walk on the water. But if Jesus was waiting for me, and said, 'Come,' I think I could go and not feel afraid at all."

"The temptations to do wrong are the waves we are all to walk over to reach Jesus, Harry," said Mrs. Wood; "and when they are very strong, and we feel as if we must sink down and let them be too strong for us, we are like Peter, and lose our faith in Christ's power to help us to overcome them."

"I understand!" said Cathie. "We are to walk right over and past them, as Peter did over the waves."

"Yes, dear; and if we keep our faith in Christ strong and firm, he will hold out his hand to help us walk on the waters."

The children looked out upon the waves, trying to fancy the scene Mrs. Wood had described, and were very still for a long time. Far away they could see white sails of vessels, but none very near.

The water near where they were seated was full of bathers in broad hats, holding fast to the ropes, and fearless little Cathie thought that it must be fine sport to cling to a rope and have the great waves wash over her, as they did over some children she could see.



But the day was nearly gone, and Mrs. Wood looking at her watch, found it was time to cross to the boat-landing.

The sail home was very pleasant, and at Coney Island the children saw more bathers, and children playing in the sand as they had done in the morning. Mrs. Wood pointed out to them Fort Lafayette and Fort Hamilton, Castle Garden and Castle William, and told them of the stormy times in the history of New York, when the harbor had to be defended by such guns as they could see upon the forts.

Cathie liked to hear about war and fighting, and her eyes would dance over a story of soldier life; but Harry was a true little peace-lover, and was glad such times were over. His own dear father had died a soldier's death, and he only shivered and turned pale when war and bloodshed were talked about.

The evening had come when the boat reached New York, and Mrs. Wood took a carriage to the hotel, anxious to have Harry resting, and a little afraid he was too tired. But the sea-air had not harmed him, and he awoke in the morning brighter and stronger than he had been since the fever left him.

His face too was browned by the sun, and his mother

was deeply thankful to think he was already gaining some of the health she was seeking for him in her northern journey.

The week slipped by very quickly in seeing the many sights in New York, and even Cathie was half sorry to go, when the day at last came upon which they were to start for Boston.

"I like New York," she said. "I wish we could come here often and often."

"But will you not be glad to be in the country again, Cathie? We are going to a pretty cottage where there is a large garden, and you will have fruit and vegetables, hens and chickens. It is not a farm exactly, but much like the life at home."

"I shall like that! And I know it will be great fun to sleep on a boat! I believe," said Cathie, after thinking a moment, "I like everything, Aunt Kate, and the last thing best of all."

Mrs Wood smiled, saying,

"That is the true spirit of content, little Cathie, and I hope it will never leave you."

"Are we to put nightgowns in our satchels again?" asked Harry.

"Yes, dear; and brushes and combs, sponge and tooth-

mug, just as we did when we left Falls Church. See, now, if you and Cathie cannot pack your own bags while I pack the trunks!"

Both children were willing to undertake this task, and looked for all they would require for a night-journey, chatting incessantly while they fitted the various articles into their satchels.

Rosanna, who had been rather neglected this busy, happy week, was put into Cathie's trunk, her little mamma saying,

"You must lie still, Rosanna, till we get to Roxbury, and after that you shall not be shut up in a trunk again for a long, long time."

"Now, little ones," said Mrs. Wood, "baths and clean travelling-dresses, and we can cord the trunks and be ready for dinner. You will find all your things on your bed, Harry, and Cathie's are here. There is just time for dressing and dinner, before the hack comes to take us to the Boston boat."

## CHAPTER XII.

*THE ARRIVAL AT ROXBURY.*

AFTER Mrs. Wood had put her own and the children's hand-baggage into their stateroom, she took Harry and Cathie over the great steamboat that was to carry them to Newport, and let them admire it. They were especially pleased with the bright machinery, which they could see well through the large glass windows, and to which they returned again and again when they had left New York, never tiring of watching its regular motions.

It seemed very funny to eat at the long table, where the dishes and glasses kept up a monotonous jingle with the motion of the boat, and where the lamps swung to and fro over their heads.

It was a clear moonlight night, and after supper was over Mrs. Wood allowed the little ones to sit with her on the deck, watching the stars as they came out one by one, and the long silvery line that the reflection of the moon made upon the water, and it was long after their usual bedtime before Harry and Cathie grew sleepy.







"We've got to sleep on little shelves again," said Cathie, "as we did on the cars! Isn't it funny? Like going to bed in a closet."

"But a closet don't joggle as boats and cars do," said Harry. "I like the boat the best."

"So do I! O Harry, we can see out of this window! I can see the moon and the water."

But after the evening prayer was offered, and Aunt Kate had asked God to guard them all from harm in their journey, the children soon slept soundly, not waking until Mrs. Wood called them for the late train to Boston.

The ride was a pleasant one, and before noon the hack hired at the depot drove up to the door of the pretty cottage in Roxbury, where the travellers were to pass the next two months. It was a roomy two-story cottage, with a porch going all round the house on each floor. Mrs. Wood had taken a large sleeping-room for her own use, and a small one on each side for Harry and Cathie, and Mrs. Harrison, the lady who owned the cottage, was at the gate, waiting to welcome her boarders.

"I have given you three rooms together, as you wrote," she said, leading the way up the stairs, "and you will have a shady porch on one side or the other all day."

"It is very pleasant," Mrs. Wood said, as the door of the large room was opened.

"The bath-room is opposite," said Mrs. Harrison, opening another door, "and there is always hot-water there if you need it. I will send your trunks right up."

"Have you any other boarders?" inquired Mrs. Wood, after Mrs. Harrison had told her where to find clean towels, and pointed out the closet-room and conveniences ready for her use.

"No, ma'am. My daughter is with me for the summer, and we shall not have any boarders but your party. My daughter lives in California, and has come to make me a visit. She has a baby seven months old, but her room is at the other end of this hall, so it will not disturb you."

"O Aunt Kate!" said Cathie, "a baby! May we see it and play with it, Mrs. Harrison?"

"Indeed you may."

"What is its name?" asked Harry.

"Lizzie Ashbourne!"

"Has it blue eyes?" asked Cathie.

"Yes, dear; blue eyes and yellow hair. But you can come and see for yourselves!"

"Thank you," said Mrs. Wood. "I will let them come as soon as they are bathed and dressed."

"And I will hurry dinner," said Mrs. Harrison, bustling away.

"I hope she will," Cathie whispered, "for our breakfast did not taste very good."

Mrs. Wood laughed.

"It was rather dry, Cathie," she said, "after lying in a basket all night; but travellers must not mind little discomforts."

"We wont, will we, Harry?"

"No," said Mrs. Wood, "you do not fret much. I had a very pleasant journey here, but if I had had two fretful children, all the comfort would have been destroyed!"

"Here come the trunks!" said Harry, looking from the window.

These were soon placed in the rooms where they belonged, and by the time the travellers were bathed and dressed the dinner-bell rang. In the dining-room they found Mrs. Ashbourne, a little lady who won Cathie's heart by having blue eyes and fair hair, like her own mamma. In her arms was a beautiful baby, with little ringlets of yellow hair, big blue eyes, and a skin as white as milk.

She was a little afraid of the children at first, and they

were shy too, having had no opportunities to learn baby-ways and baby-talk.

But after dinner Mrs. Ashbourne led the way to the shaded side of the porch, and coaxed baby to make friends with the visitors. Harry was the favorite, being more gentle than Cathie; but very soon all three were engaged in a game of romps, Lizzie kicking and crowing, and enjoying the fun as well as the others.

"She will be quite happy now," said Mrs. Ashbourne, "for she is accustomed to children. I have four older children in San Francisco, and baby has been fretful and lonesome ever since we left there."

"All little girls?" asked Cathie.

"No, dear; three little boys and one little girl."

"But why didn't you bring them here?"

"Cathie! Cathie!" said Mrs. Wood, "you are asking too many questions."

But Mrs. Ashbourne answered pleasantly,

"You think they will want their mamma, don't you, dear?" she said. "But they have a dear kind aunt, just as you have, who is taking care of them and keeping house for their papa while baby comes to see her grandma!"

"Isn't she cunning!" exclaimed Harry. "See what fat little hands."

"And such pretty arms," said Cathie; "she is ever so much nicer than a doll."

"I guess she is!"

"Is that her carriage?" asked Cathie presently, pointing to a baby-carriage at the end of the porch.

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, may we ride her? We will be very careful, wont we, Harry?"

"Yes! We will go up and down here, where you can see us," said Harry.

"But it will tire you."

"We can take turns," said Cathie. "I'll take the first."

"No! I'll take first," said Harry.

"No! I saw the carriage first," cried Cathie, raising her voice.

Harry's lip drooped, and an ugly frown came between his eyes.

"You can just push her all the time then," he said sulkily, and walked over to the other side of the porch, where Mrs. Harrison had just come and where Mrs. Wood had gone to chat with her.

Cathie stood silent, shifting from one foot to the other, and watching Harry, who stood leaning against his mam-

ma, and looking straight before him, as if there was no beautiful baby in the world.

"I think he is real cross," she said presently. "Don't you think I ought to give baby the first ride, when I spoke first?"

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Ashbourne, "but my little folks say that the one that gives up to the other is the happiest."

"Do they?"

"Yes."

"But I never had to give up till Harry came. Mamma and Chloe let me have my own way."

"Have you no little brothers and sisters?"

"No, ma'am! My little brothers are all dead. I never saw one of them."

"And do you like your own way very much?"

"Yes, ma'am! But I am trying to learn to give up sometimes. Aunt Kate says it is selfish never to give up."

"So it is. Poor Harry! He don't look very happy, does he?"

"He looks cross."

"But if you were to go over and whisper to him that he may give baby the first ride, don't you think you



would enjoy the next one better than you would the first, if he was unhappy?"

"I do n't know."

"I would try it if I were you. I will take the carriage down on the walk, and put Lizzie in, while you speak to your cousin."

"But why should n't he give up?"

"Perhaps he will the next time."

Mrs. Ashbourne rose as she spoke, and took the carriage to the walk. Cathie stood where she had left her, looking at Harry's sulky face, and very little inclined to speak to him.

"If he was sick I would give up," she thought; "but he is only cross and horrid. Let him stay there and pout, if he wants to. Aunt Kate do n't see his face or she would send him to his own room, I know. Baby is most ready, and crowing for a ride. I—I will let Harry go first."

As Cathie made this resolution, she walked to the other side of the porch.

"Harry, you may ride Lizzie first," she whispered.

But Harry had been listening to the voice of ill-temper, and shook off Cathie's hand.

"You can just ride her yourself," he muttered sulkily. "I do n't care anything about your old carriage."

"You are just as cross as you can be!" said Cathie, raising her voice, "and I'll never give up for you again, you see if I do!"

She ran across the porch again, and down the steps to Mrs. Ashbourne's side.

"I did give up," she said, "and he wont come!"

"Then you have done all you can, now. You must keep in the shade, dear."

But Mrs. Wood, hearing Cathie's last speech, looked down at the troubled face beside her. Mrs. Harrison was going into the house, and there was no one very near, as Mrs. Wood said, gravely,

"What did Cathie say, my son?"

"Harry's lip quivered.

"She—she said she would never give up to me again."

"Give up what?"

"We wanted to ride the baby, and we both wanted the first turn."

"Well?" for Harry made a long pause.

"I got cross, and said she might ride her all the time, if she wanted to."

"Well?"

"And I came over here."

"Is that all?"

Harry's tears were falling now

"No, mamma. She came and put her arm around my neck, and whispered that I might have the first turn."

"That was very kind, was it not, Harry?"

"Yes, and I shook her off, and told her that she might ride the baby herself. Then she got mad and ran off."

"Oh! Cathie got mad!"

"O mamma, she was good and I was bad."

"I think," said his mamma gently, "that it was very kind for Cathie to give up, after you had been so cross. Cathie has not been used to giving up, Harry, and she likes her own way as well as you do."

"I know."

Harry was sobbing so that he could hardly speak, and the sounds reached Cathie's ears as she rolled the baby-carriage to and fro. Somehow all the pleasure she had expected seemed to be gone, when she thought of Harry in trouble. She looked over at her Aunt Kate's grave face, and Harry's head bent upon her shoulder, and leaving the carriage she went slowly towards him.

Mrs. Wood smiled at her and held out her hand.

"Wont Harry come and play?" said Cathie. "There is room on the bar of the carriage for us both to take hold."

Harry lifted his tear-stained face.

"I am sorry I was so cross, Cathie," he said. "May I go, mamma?"

"Presently! He will go in a minute, Cathie."

Cathie hesitated a moment, then with one of her quick, impulsive movements, she threw her arms round Harry's neck, gave him a kiss, and ran back to the carriage.

"We've made up," she told Mrs. Ashbourne, "and Harry is coming presently."

Mrs. Wood kept Harry until he was calmer, and had ceased to sob. Then she talked to him for a few minutes about the sin of giving way to his temper, and when she was sure he was really sorry, and was in a quiet, pleasant mood, she allowed him to join Cathie.

There was plenty of room for four little hands upon the bar at the back of Miss Lizzie's perambulator, and the children were soon chatting pleasantly, rolling the little lady to and fro, till she fell fast asleep, and was carried off to her cradle.

The garden was then explored, and Cathie was delighted to find a large hen-house, well filled. But the hens were not accustomed to children, and her very softest "chick! chick! chick!" would not coax them to come to her, as her own feathered pets had done.

"They are not very tame, miss," the man who was at work in the garden said; "but you will find a white kitten in the kitchen, that likes to be stroked and petted, first-rate."

"Oh, thank you!" said Harry, and away they both ran to find the kitten.

But the kitten proved to be shy too, and ran under the water-barrel beside the kitchen-door, where she peeped out now and then, afraid to venture too near these new-comers.

"Oh, if only she would come out!" Cathie cried, after trying all the coaxing words she could think of.

"She is so white and pretty," said Harry. "Kitty! kitty! we wont hurt you a bit if you will come out here."

"Wont she come?" asked Maggie, the servant, coming to the kitchen-door.

"No; we've coaxed and coaxed," said Cathie.

"She is not used to children," said Maggie, "but I will get you a saucer of milk."

"Will she come for that?" asked Harry.

"I think so! Put it a little way from the barrel, and don't stand too near it. When she is drinking you can steal up softly and pat her. She wont be afraid after she finds you do not hurt her."

Maggie poured some milk into a saucer, and the chil-

dren stood it on the ground, and went away from it as she had told them to do. Pretty soon the little white head was pushed out from under the barrel, then two feet, and in a moment kitty came out and walked over to the saucer.

"Now we can go softly and pat her," said Harry; "you may go first, Cathie."

So Cathie, stepping very cautiously, went near the kitten and put her hand upon the white fur. Kitty only looked up a moment, and then put her nose down in the milk again, while Harry crept nearer and nearer.

Very gently the little hands stroked the kitten's soft fur, as she lapped her milk, and found she was not to be hurt by the new-comers. When the saucer was quite empty, kitty allowed Cathie to take her up in her arms, and carry her to the porch for Mrs. Wood to admire, while Harry walked beside her, remembering to be gentle and let Cathie have this pleasure, as she had been willing to give up to him earlier in the afternoon.







## CHAPTER XIII.

*A VISIT TO BUNKER HILL AND THE NAVY-YARD.*

FOR several days Cathie and Harry were quite contented in their new home, finding some new pleasure every day in their drives and walks, petting the baby, and playing together very happily.

There were many quarrels, some serious ones, for Cathie in the quiet life found many occasions when her self-will was very strong, and more than once her loud screams were heard, as she insisted upon some indulgence that her aunt was unwilling to grant, or quarrelled fiercely with Harry.

Harry too was growing stronger every day, and as his timidity lessened, he joined Cathie in many rough plays that were apt to end in a romp and a quarrel.

Very often both children spent an hour at a time shut up in their own rooms for opportunity to think over their last acts of rebellion or ill-temper. But Mrs. Wood watching both with eyes of most loving care, knew that little by little the faults of each were yielding to the

Christian teaching she lost no opportunity of giving them. She had repeated to Cathie many of the lessons taught to Harry, and the little girl was trying very earnestly to become one of those children whom Jesus loves for their gentle obedience to his commands.

"You know, Aunt Kate," she said one day after a fit of passion had been conquered by thought and prayer, "I do forget! When I want things and can't have them, or when I want to do something and cannot do it, I forget all about being good, and the first thing I know I am screaming and stamping my feet."

"We all forget only too often, Cathie; but every time we remember, it makes it easier for the next time."

"I know that! I remembered quicker to-day than I ever did before; and I ran to my own room to stay till I was sorry, without being told."

"That is the best way, Cathie! God wishes that mammas, papas, or whoever takes the care of little children should remind them when they forget what is right; but he gives to each child a conscience to remind him when there is no older person near, and He is best pleased when you listen to that."

"Is it conscience that makes us feel so uncomfortable when we know we are naughty?"

"Yes, dear; and the more uncomfortable it makes you, the sooner it drives you to overcome the naughtiness, the better. People who will not listen to it when they are little, grow up to love wicked ways and forget Christ's teachings when they are men and women."

When the fatigue of the long journey from Virginia, and the excitement of sight-seeing were over, Mrs. Wood planned many picnic days for the children, taking them to the seaside, and making each a bathing-suit, so that they could jump up and down in the salt water, holding on to the ropes for safety.

They spent one long day in Charlestown, visiting Bunker Hill Monument, and hearing of the great battle fought there during the Revolutionary War.

They climbed up the winding stairs to the very top, and rested there a long time looking out of the windows at the cities and villages lying far below them.

"Is n't it funny," Cathie said, "to see how little everything looks down there?"

"Yes," said Harry, "the men do n't look any bigger than the soldiers in my toy camp, and the women a' n't so big as Rosanna even!"

"And the horse-cars! Who would think they were big enough to carry ever so many grown folks!"

When they were fully rested they went down stairs again, and took a horse-car to the Navy-yard, where Harry was delighted at being invited by one of the sailors on duty to go over a ship lying at anchor.

"We will row out in this boat, ma'am," the man said to Mrs. Wood, "and I will take the best of care of the little boy."

"O mamma, may I go?"

"Yes, dear. But you must mind exactly whatever you are told to do."

"I will."

The sailor lifted Harry into the boat, and rowed off, the little boy holding fast to the seat upon which he sat. Cathie looked on with swelling heart and quivering lip, but did not speak till the boat was alongside the ship, and she saw the sailor help Harry up the rope ladder till he stood upon the deck. "Aunt Kate," she said in a little, trembling voice, "why did n't he ask me too?"

"Perhaps he thought little girls did n't care about seeing ships."

"He might have asked me! I'm not going to be cross, Aunt Kate," and the little girl choked back a sob, "but I think I should like to see the ship as much as Harry."



"Perhaps we may have some other opportunity. I am glad to see such a pleasant face now," Aunt Kate added, as Cathie after a struggle lifted up a face very cheerful and smiling. "Shall we sit on this bench in the shade until Harry comes back?"

The time was not nearly so long as Cathie had feared, for Aunt Kate rewarded her self-control by talking to her about ship-making and many different objects lying around them. The little boat was soon rowing towards the yard again, and as the sailor lifted Harry out, he said,

"Would the little lady like to go now?"

"Oh, yes!" cried happy Cathie.

"I don't like to take but one at a time, ma'am," said the sailor, touching his hat to Mrs. Wood, "for fear they might get hurt."

"You are very kind to be willing to undertake the care at all," she replied.

"Oh, I like children, ma'am. I have five little ones of my own! But there's so many chances to get hurt aboard ship, that I like to keep a sharp lookout for any child I have the care of. And one at a time is enough. Now, miss, if you are ready, we will go! Why," he said, as the little girl sprang lightly into the boat, "you are cut out for a sailor!"

Cathie's merry laugh came over the waters to her aunt and cousin, as she replied,

"I love the water! If I was a man I would sail all over the world in big ships!"

"That's a brave lassie! I have a little girl that has been across the ocean twice, to Liverpool and back."

"Oh, how splendid!"

"She was n't much bigger than you are when she went, and she learned to run up the ship's rigging like a cat."

"This ship?"

"No, miss, I was in the merchant service then, now I am in the navy—one of Uncle Sam's men. Here we are. Put your feet on the ladder, and I will stand close behind you so you can't fall!"

"I'm not afraid!" said Cathie, climbing up the ladder. "I think it is splendid!"

Her courage and her great interest won the old sailor's heart, and he took her all over the ship, answering her eager questions, showing her everything, and explaining the uses of the compass, the helm, the wheel, and much of the rigging.

"You would make a fine little sailor," he said as the fearless child climbed into the rigging, "but you had

better not go up there, miss. If you should get dizzy, you might fall."

"I wont get dizzy," said Cathie.

Then she remembered that she had made a very rude, self-willed speech, and came down quickly, saying,

"I beg your pardon! I will not go if you tell me not."

"That's a little lady. If you were to fall you would get a bad hurt."

"Have I seen it all?" Cathie asked, seeing that the sailor was leading the way to the boat again.

"About all, miss, unless you would like me to row you round the ship to see the outside."

"I should like that if—" and again Cathie remembered, "it will not make you too tired."

"Not a bit of it! Here we are. Now sit still, and away we go."

The oars dipped in the water in regular motion, and Harry watching, cried,

"O mamma, they are not coming back. They are going the other way."

Mrs. Wood wondered at the course of the boat as it disappeared on the other side of the great ship, but pretty soon it came in sight again at the other end, and was brought rapidly to the steps, near which she was seated.

"O Aunt Kate, it was splendid!" cried Cathie, running up the steps. "Thank you very much indeed!" she said, turning to hold out her hand to the old sailor who waited.

"Shall I row you over, ma'am?" he asked, as Mrs. Wood went down the steps.

"I think not, thank you. It is time we were getting home. But I want you to buy some fruit for your own little ones with this," and she slipped some money into the broad hand.

"Thank you, ma'am, though it's a pleasure to me to show a ship to children if they are not afraid. When they get scared I don't know what to do for them. But you've a brave lad and lassie, ma'am!"

"Good-by!" the children shouted, as they turned to leave the yard.

"Good-by!" came up from the foot of the steps where the sailor was fastening the boat. "I hope you'll come again."

"Now we'll find a confectioner's and get some luncheon," said Mrs. Wood, "and by that time we ought to take the cars into Boston and out to Roxbury."

Buns and ice-cream were very welcome after the day's exercise, and the children talked happily of what they had

seen on the ship, though they found Cathie had seen more than Harry.

"I asked the sailor to take me back," Harry said, "because the rocking made me dizzy."

"Did it? I liked it; and after I had walked across once I did n't stagger a bit," said Cathie; "but it was hard to stand or walk straight at first."

"I had to hold the sailor's hand all the time. He says he has a little boy no bigger than I am, learning to be a sailor."

"Has he? His little girl has been across the ocean twice, in another ship, not that one. How I should like to go to sea in a great ship!"

"I would n't care about it," said Harry. "I think I should get tired of one place all the time, with only the water all about me."

"But you could be learning to climb the ropes, and steer the ship, and lots of things!"

"Come, little ones, if you have finished your luncheon we will take the cars," said Mrs. Wood.

It was a long ride home, but Mrs. Harrison had delayed dinner for the little party, and they were soon refreshed and rested, and ready to sit on the porch in the twilight and tell Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Ashbourne the

day's adventures and pleasures. The children were greatly pleased to find both ladies had often seen the old sailor, and remembered having known before of his taking children out in his boat.

"He has been several years at the yard," Mrs. Harrison said. "He was badly wounded in the late war, and has not been to sea since."

"Poor man," Harry whispered, turning pale, as he always did, at the thought of wounds and war.

"I hope we shall see him again," Cathie said. "I want him to tell me some more about his little girl who has been to Liverpool, and his boy who is learning to be a sailor."







## CHAPTER XIV.

*NEWS FROM FALLS CHURCH.*

JULY had gone and August was nearly over, when Mrs. Wood began to talk of going home again. Her boy had grown strong and well in the pure air, and with the fresh, simple country food, and the summer was nearly over. They had spent pleasant days in Boston and its vicinity, and both Cathie and Harry would have many very delightful things to talk and think over when they returned home.

One morning, late in August, Cathie was sitting upon the porch in a little rocking-chair, holding Lizzie Ashbourne in her lap. Rosanna had been sadly neglected when there was a real live baby to caress, and little Cathie had learned many gentle tender ways after she was allowed to hold and nurse the child.

She was cooing over her, and talking as she had heard Mrs. Ashbourne talk, baby-words and pet-phrases, when Mrs. Wood came out of the house holding an open letter. Seeing how Cathie was occupied, she drew up a chair near her, saying,

"Do you love the baby very much, Cathie?"

"Yes, indeed, Aunt Kate! And she has learned to love me too; she holds out her arms to come to me whenever she sees me."

"You will be sorry to leave her?"

"Yes, ma'am. Are we going very soon?"

"Next week, dear! And when we get back to Virginia, you must bid Harry good-by too."

"I know!" said Cathie sadly. "It will be very lonesome."

"Would it not be very pleasant to find at home a wee darling baby, like Lizzie, who would by-and-by grow up to be a little companion like Harry."

"O Aunt Kate! It would be too splendid. But there is no baby at home."

"Should you like to find one there, Cathie? You would have to give up a great deal of your own petting if mamma and Chloe had a little baby to nurse and tend."

"But I could help."

"So you could."

"And I don't need petting so much now, do I, Aunt Kate? I can dress myself, and I try to remember not to get cross and scream."

"You are learning many gentle ways, Cathie, and I

think you would be willing to give up many selfish desires to your baby-brother."

"But, Aunt Kate, is there a baby there?"

"Yes, dear! I have a letter this morning from your papa, and he tells me that God has sent him a little son, your baby-brother, Cathie."

"Oh, the darling!" cried Cathie; "did God send him, Aunt Kate?"

"Yes, dear; he has sent him for you to love, very, very dearly; and to teach, as he grows older, all you learn yourself of Christ's lessons for little children."

Cathie sat silent a little while after her aunt spoke. Baby Lizzie had fallen asleep in her lap, and she looked at the sweet little face very thoughtfully before she said,

"I know what you mean, Aunt Kate, and I will try very hard always to remember. If I were to be bad, it might teach him to be bad too!"

"Yes, dear. Your example will be a great help, if you are a good, obedient girl, truthful and gentle. You have improved very much this summer, Cathie, and you have helped Harry."

"Harry helped me!" was the quick reply. "He told me so much you had told him about the children Jesus loves, that I wanted to be one of them."

"I am glad to hear that, Cathie. And you have helped him, too, by encouraging him to be brave and truthful."

Cathie remembered many times when Harry had been almost ready to speak falsely to cover up some of the faults that would occur almost every day. Once was when they had eaten a great many currants, before they were forbidden to take fruit without permission. The currants had been picked for tea; but before helping the children, Mrs. Wood asked if they had eaten any off the bushes.

They looked very tempting in little white and red balls in the glass dish, covered thickly with fine white sugar, and Harry was strongly tempted to deny having eaten any. But as Cathie replied promptly,

"I did! I ate ever so many off the bushes," the little boy, blushing deeply, said,

"I did too, mamma!"

"You had better not have any more to-night, then," Mrs. Wood said; "and after this, you must ask Mrs. Harrison's permission, or mine, before you eat any fruit in the garden."

Another day, when they were playing near the hen-coop, Harry had thrown a large stone and had killed one



of the little chicks, only a few days old. The children had had many charges about frightening the poultry, and especially this very brood of chicks, and they had been very obedient about this.

When the poor little chick rolled over, its little legs sticking up, quite dead, Harry turned very white, and fairly gasped with fear.

"O Cathie! Oh, what will Mrs. Harrison say?"

Cathie looked frightened too. It was a very serious matter to kill the little chick.

"O Harry," she said, "how could you fire stones at them?"

"I didn't! I was just firing it for fun. I never thought of the chicks till this one ran right under the stone."

"Poor little chick," Cathie said, taking it up in her hand, and stroking the yellow down with her finger.

"Perhaps they wont miss it, Cathie."

"Yes, they will!"

"Maybe they will think the cat ate it."

"Maybe they will!"

"You—you wont tell I killed it, Cathie?"

"If nobody asks me I wont."

"But if they do?"

"Why, Harry, I'll have to tell them then. You don't want me to tell a lie, do you?"

"I—do n't—know!"

"I thought you were never, never going to tell another one!"

Poor Harry stood silent, looking down at the ground. He did want to be truthful, and he knew he ought to confess this fault at once. But it did seem to him so dreadful to have killed the chick, that he was afraid some terrible punishment must be in store for him. His mamma might forgive him when she knew it was an accident; but the chicken was Mrs. Harrison's. Perhaps boys could be put in prison for killing chickens! Perhaps they would all be sent away!

It was a dreadful struggle to face all these fears, and Cathie seeing how pale and terrified Harry was, wondered with him if the punishment would be very dreadful.

At last the little boy said,

"Suppose you had thrown that stone, Cathie, would you tell on yourself?"

"I think I should," Cathie said gravely. "You can say you never meant to hurt the chicken, you know."

"Indeed, indeed I never meant it!"

"Then I would say so to Mrs. Harrison."

"Will you come with me?"

"Yes," said Cathie, adding generously, "we can say we were both throwing stones, and it might have been my stone!"

So with a very pale face and trembling lip Harry went to the porch where Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Harrison were sewing, followed by Cathie carrying the dead chick.

"Mrs. Harrison," he said bravely, "I killed one of the little chicks; but indeed I did n't mean to."

"We were both throwing stones," said Cathie to share the blame, "and one hit the chicken."

"I am very sorry," Mrs. Harrison said, "for we have not been very lucky with our chickens this year. But if it was an accident, I suppose we must not scold you."

"Oh, thank you!" said Harry. "I am very sorry."

"I see you are," was the kind reply, for the old lady pitied the pale face, "and I am sure you will promise me not to throw stones again near the hencoop."

"We wont. We will be sure to remember," cried both children at once.

"Very well; now run off and play again."

But Harry had drawn near his mother, and was not ready for play till he felt her tender kiss upon his lips, and heard her whisper,

"That was a brave, truthful boy."

Then he bounded back to Cathie's side perfectly happy again.

When Mrs. Wood told Cathie she had helped Harry, the little girl remembered the chicken at once, and it made her very happy to think she had helped her cousin in that trouble. Pretty soon she looked up, saying,

"Will you take the baby to her cradle, Aunt Kate, and may I tell Harry about our baby?"

"Yes, dear. Where is Harry?"

"He went with Mrs. Ashbourne to pull some corn for dinner. I was to mind the baby, but it is all the same, isn't it, if you put her in the cradle? I'll stay, if you think I ought!"

"No, dear, you need not fear that you are neglecting your trust. Baby will sleep more comfortably in her cradle, and you can tell Mrs. Ashbourne you left her in my care."

Cathie sat very still while the baby was gently taken from her lap, and carried into the house. Then she ran down the path to the patch of corn in the vegetable garden, full of excitement.

"O Harry," she panted, all out of breath, "guess something!"

"What?"

"Guess what was in Aunt Kate's letter from home this morning!"

"I can't guess! What?"

"A baby!"

"A what? How could there be a baby in a letter. Was it a paper doll?"

"No, it is a real baby, same as Lizzie, my brother. And it was n't in the letter exactly, only the letter told about it."

"Your brother! Like me?"

"He will be, Aunt Kate says! But now he is a wee, wee baby, like Lizzie. O Mrs. Ashbourne, I forgot. Lizzie went to sleep in my lap, and Aunt Kate took her to her cradle, and told me to say she was taking care of her. Were you frightened about her?"

"No, dear. I found out a long time ago that you were a little girl who could be trusted, so I was sure you had left baby in good care. Why, you will be quite a handy little nurse for this baby brother, wont you?"

"I hope so, ma'am. I mean to be ever so good to him."

All through the day Cathie could talk of nothing but this delightful news from home. She had been very happy with Harry, and had enjoyed her summer very

much, but she was more than willing, after this news came, to leave Roxbury and all present pleasure, to return to her own home, to her mamma and papa, to Chloe and the baby brother.

She wondered if he had brown eyes like her own, or blue ones like Lizzie, if he had pink fingers and toes like the baby in Roxbury, and if he cooed and crowed as she did.

Again and again Mrs. Wood read to her the message papa had written expressly for his little girl:

"Tell Cathie that she must hurry home now, to help us to love and pet her dear little brother. Mamma sends her love and many kisses, and says she wants her little daughter home again very much. Baby can't talk yet, but if he could, we think he would say, 'Sister Cathie, come home.'"

"Would he, Aunt Kate?"

"I hope he will love you so much when he can talk, Cathie, that he will say it every time you go away from him."

"Oh, he will. Because I shall love him so much, he must love me back, must n't he?"

"I think so. Loving little sisters make loving little brothers, always."



“Then mine will be one!”

It was very amusing in the week that followed to see how Cathie tried to learn more and more of baby ways and gentle nursing, so that she could care for that wonderful little brother at Falls Church. No thought of jealousy ever took anything from her pleasure. It was natural, she thought, that Chloe and her mamma would have to take care of a little helpless baby more than of a big girl more than seven years old; and her only anticipation seemed to be to help to pet the little one, never to let her own selfish pleasures take away the others from the new care.

## CHAPTER XV.

*THE JOURNEY HOMEWARD.*

"I THINK," said Cathie, rather mournfully, as she was busy handing Mrs. Wood the clothing from her closet and bureau-drawers, to be packed in her own little trunk, "I think, Aunt Kate, mamma will hardly know the pretty things she bought for me."

Mrs. Wood smiled, but made no reply.

"My pretty pink muslin," continued Cathie, holding it up, "is all torn across. That was climbing on the hen-coop to chase the white kitty. And my blue chintz, that had so many pretty ruffles, is all spoiled with blackberry stains. I've hardly one white dress that is n't torn somewhere, excepting the one that you kept for church. I suppose that would have been torn too, if I had not taken it off as soon as we came home. Was that the reason you always told me to change it, Aunt Kate?"

"That was the reason."

"My travelling dress is nice too," said Cathie, "but all the rest are torn or stained."





"I must own, Cathie, they are not much like the dresses we brought from Falls Church. But little girls who climb and run must expect to tear their clothes."

"Do you think, Aunt Kate, that I am quite such a tomboy as I used to be?"

"No, dear. You have conquered a great many of your rough ways, and are more lady-like and quiet in the house. When you are playing we expect you to run and romp some, and I think mamma will not expect to see the dresses fresh and new after a long summer's wear."

"But I mean to try to save my dresses more now," said Cathie, with the thoughtfulness for others that she was learning to make a habit, "because mamma and Chloe will not have time to sew so much for me, if they have my baby-brother to nurse."

"It will certainly be a great help if you are careful. Is that all, Cathie?"

"Yes, ma'am. Shall I help you with Harry's now?"

"I'm getting mine," cried Harry, from his own room. "Are you ready, mamma?"

"Yes, dear. Cathie, you had better take your bath and change your clothes now, so that I can have those you have on to put on the top of your trunk before I close it."

As my little readers have probably guessed from this

conversation, the day had come when the children were to leave Roxbury and return to their own homes in Virginia. September had come, and Harry's health had improved till he was as rosy and sun-browned as Cathie herself, no longer the pale thin boy who had left Richmond in June.

Anxious as both children were to have all the pleasures of journeying homeward, and to see the new baby at Falls Church, they were very sorry to leave the cottage-home where they had been so happy and the friends who had been so kind to them. Baby Lizzie had been kissed in the last two days, till she pushed away the little faces pressing against hers, as if she wanted to say,

"You are almost too affectionate."

But when good-by had been said, and the carriage was actually waiting to take the travellers to the depot, Lizzie seemed willing to submit to being almost smothered with hugs and kisses, as both children embraced her, again and again, till Mrs. Wood called from the carriage,

"Come, children, we have no more time to spare."

And even then Cathie and Harry blew kisses from the carriage-window till the cottage was out of sight.

The evening had come, and it was dark before the train arrived at the boat-landing, and Harry and Cathie had another new experience in night-travelling, scarcely



able to believe they were really upon the boat, until they looked from the stateroom window, and saw the water rippling, in the light shed by the lamps at the landing.

Never had they eaten supper at so late an hour, and the simple food Mrs. Wood selected for them was very welcome after their long ride in the cars. But they had had a long nap on the way from Boston to Newport, and were thoroughly wide awake, so Mrs. Wood allowed them to sit on deck a little while, to watch the machinery once more, and walk about in the saloon until they felt sleepy enough to be willing to say their prayers and go to bed.

"Are we going to stay in New York a week?" Cathie asked, when she was dressing the next morning.

"No, dear, only till to-morrow afternoon. I have some shopping to do to-day, but Harry is well enough now to travel a little faster than we did on our way to Roxbury."

"Shopping!" said Harry, "that is not half such fun as going to the Park."

"I like it," said Cathie, "and I have my presents to buy, Harry."

For Cathie had been possessor of a two-dollar bill all summer, a parting gift from her papa, and had decided to take home a present for each one of the family at Falls Church.

Mrs. Wood, who never lost patience with the children, promised to help the little girl in her selections, when she had attended to the larger shopping that was to be sent by express to Richmond and Falls Church.

The children were very good while she was busy, standing at the gay windows of the stores, and waiting very patiently while she gave her orders and selected her goods. Coming out from one of the stores, when her purchases were nearly completed, she found both Harry and Cathie looking at some pictures in the window of a book-store, and noticed that upon both faces was the look of sweet gravity that rested there when they talked of Jesus and of heaven.

She drew near them, before they saw her, and found they were looking at a picture of Christ blessing little children.

"I think I could never forget to be good, if I saw that every day," said little Cathie, "because it would make me want to be one of the little children so much."

Mrs. Wood smiled and entered the store, still unperceived by the children, who seemed as if they would never tire of admiring the beautiful picture.

"Now, Cathie," Mrs. Wood said, as she joined them once more, "I will help you choose your presents."

It was not a matter to be hurried, but Mrs. Wood discussed every selection with all the gravity so serious a choice called for, and gave her advice. Finally a chromo book-mark was selected for papa, a pair of mother-of-pearl sleeve-buttons for mamma, a rattle for baby, a gay cotton handkerchief for Chloe, and one for July Ann, and a necktie for Julius.

To Cathie's surprise there was still fifty cents left of the two dollars.

"Would you mind very much waiting for us, Aunt Kate?" she asked, after a long whispered talk with Harry.

"No; I will look at the window," was the smiling reply.

"Thank you," Cathie said, and Aunt Kate left the children in the store, and was as much surprised and pleased as the little girl expected, when, upon their return to the hotel, she was asked to accept a pair of sleeve-buttons like those selected for Mrs. Byrne.

"They are very pretty, indeed, and I shall take great care of them," she said, kissing Cathie. "I am very much obliged, dear."

"We knew you liked them," said Harry eagerly, "because you said Aunt Louey's were so pretty. But we remembered to get you a pair with 'W.' on, instead of 'B.'"

"Yes, dear, I noticed the initial. Now I will put them in the box, and we will go to dinner. We are going to drive to the Park this afternoon."

"Oh! oh!" said Harry, dancing about the room; "we are going to see the antelopes and giraffes, again!"

"And the lions and tigers," cried Cathie.

"We shall not have time to visit more than the menagerie," said Mrs. Wood, "for we ought to get to sleep early, as we were up so late last night, and must travel again to-morrow."

The next day after an early dinner the travellers started for Philadelphia, where they remained two days, resting, and taking some pleasant walks and drives.

But they were quite ready when the evening came that was to take them upon their way to Washington. They took a long nap in the afternoon, and after waiting up until long past their usual bedtime, were driven to the depot to take the midnight train.

"Only think," said Cathie, nestling down in her berth, "one more night and then we shall see papa and mamma."

"Yes, dear. Papa will be waiting for us at the depot. I telegraphed to him this morning."

"I don't believe I can sleep one bit," said excited little Cathie; but very soon the monotonous jog, jog of the

cars sounded like a murmur to the little girl, and she slept soundly until her aunt's morning kiss awakened her.

Never had her active little fingers put on her clothes more rapidly, and she was seated at the car-window, looking eagerly for her papa, long before the train arrived at the depot.

But when at last they stopped with a sudden jerk, Cathie looking out at the people who were waiting on the platform, cried joyfully,

"I see him! I see papa!"

"I see him too!" said Harry. "See, mamma, there is Uncle Charles waiting for us!"

"He is coming in," said Cathie, and in another moment she was in her father's arms.

"Is mamma here?" she asked after a great hug and many kisses.

"No, dear, mamma is waiting at Falls Church. Julius is here with the carriage. You can talk to him while I see about the trunks."

Julius was showing every tooth in his head, in a broad grin of welcome for Miss Cathie, as he held the carriage-door open for the travellers.

"Glad to see yer back," he said cordially; "'pears like half de house 's been gone all summer."

"Did you feed the hens for me, Julius?"

"Reg'lar, Miss Cathie, reg'lar! An' dar's lots o' chicks, miss; new ones."

"And my swing, Julius?"

"Done hung it up yesterday for yer, miss. We've had it in de barn all summer so de rope would n't get rotten. But it's jes' 'zactly as yer left it, now, miss."

Here the railway porter called for the assistance of Julius in strapping on the trunks, and Mr. Byrne came to take his seat in the carriage.

It did seem to Cathie as if her papa and Aunt Kate never would stop talking as they sat over breakfast at the Ebbitt House; but she had learned to sit patiently while waiting for older people, and Mr. Byrne was surprised to find there was no teasing and pulling to hurry him on his way.

But at last they were all seated once more in the carriage, and actually on their last stage of the homeward journey. Cathie was eagerly looking out, as the carriage rolled in at the gate and up the wide carriage-way to the porch, where mamma was waiting, and standing beside her Chloe with a white bundle in her arms.







## CHAPTER XVI.

*CATHIE AT HOME AGAIN.*

"OH, the darling, the wee, wee darling!" cried Cathie, running to Chloe, after having embraced her mamma. "Oh, let me see him, Chloe, please."

Chloe stooped down till the little face nestling on her arm was where Cathie could reach it to press soft, loving kisses upon the velvety cheek.

"O Chloe, is n't he beautiful? And his eyes are blue, like mamma's. Has he got any name yet?"

"Yes, honey; dey's called him Johnnie, for your gran'pa!"

"Johnnie! O Johnnie, how I love you! But he don't laugh and crow at me like Lizzie did, Chloe."

"'Xpect she's older, Miss Cathie. Young Marse'll crow arter a while. He's real peart now for a month old."

"Is n't he soft! May I hold him, if I get my rocking-chair?"

"'Deed yer kin, Miss Cathie!"

So Cathie brought her little chair, and the baby brother was put into her arms and nursed most tenderly, till Mrs. Byrne called the little girl into the house to change her dress.

The day after this was scarcely long enough for all the delights of home-coming. All the spots near the house were visited; the swing was tried, Harry proving that his timidity was gone, and tossing the rope as far as Cathie herself; the hens had to be fed; but would not be coaxed into Cathie's lap, as many of her pets had been killed, and the new broods had not learned to know her yet. The present-giving was a great pleasure, everybody being as much delighted with Cathie's gifts as she was in bringing them, and both Chloe and July Ann appearing at tea-time in gorgeous turbans made of the new handkerchiefs.

Mrs. Wood was to remain a month at Falls Church, so the children were not to be parted for some time, greatly to their delight. When they were rested after their long journey, Mr. and Mrs. Byrne planned a pleasant day two or three times a week, when all the family drove out, eating dinner in some shady grove, and giving Harry and Cathie all the pleasures of a picnic.

One day, they drove into Washington to visit the

camp and Cousin Robert; but when they asked for Jim, Captain Goodall shook his head sadly.

"Jim is dead," he said.

"Oh, what a pity!" Harry cried.

"What killed him?" asked Cathie.

"A bad habit," was the reply. "Jim was fond of whiskey, I am sorry to say, and last month, on pay-day, the soldiers gave him too much. It was a very hot day, and about noon we found poor Jim rolling on the parade-ground, growling with dreadful pain! We tried to relieve him, but he died in the evening; and the doctor said he was killed by drinking too much whiskey."

"Poor Jim!" said Mr. Byrne, "but the blame lies with those who gave it to him."

"Yes, one cannot expect a bear to know the folly and crime of drinking; but we do expect men to whom God has given reason, to know better. But if the children would like to see Jim, Barker can take them to see his stuffed skin, at the barracks."

Harry and Cathie did want to see the stuffed bear; but they could not admire the animal as they had done when he could perform all his tricks for their amusement.

When they left the camp, Harry was taken to see

the Capitol and the Smithsonian Institution for the first time, and Cathie was very proud of being able to act as guide, having visited both places during the previous winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Byrne were very much pleased at the great change in their little girl, and the new gentleness that was replacing her previous rude manner.

"I cannot think how you can have made so great a change in such a short time," Mrs. Byrne said one day to her sister: "Cathie seems to practise a self-control that would have been impossible a little while ago."

"Cathie has learned to look for higher help than mine," said Mrs. Wood.

"I thought she was too young for such teaching, Kate."

"You see that she is not. I think the most beautiful of all Christ's teaching is the invitation to little children. Let her never forget, Louey."

"Never. You have taught me a lesson, too, Kate, that I shall remember. I trusted too much to Cathie's out-growing her bad habits, thinking she was too young to learn to look to Christ for help to overcome them. But I shall try to keep your teachings in her mind."

There was quite an excitement at the farm when the



boxes of goods ordered in New York arrived, and were unpacked. The contents for the most part consisted of drygoods that Mrs. Byrne had requested her sister to purchase for winter wear.

But in the very middle of one of the large boxes was a large, square parcel, hard and flat.

"What is that?" asked Mr. Byrne, who was unpacking.

"That is for Cathie," said Mrs. Wood, putting it in the little girl's hands.

"For me!" Come and help me open it, Harry."

The cord was soon untied, the paper unfolded, and then Cathie and Harry held up the print they had admired in New York, of "Christ blessing little children." It was very handsomely framed, and had a cord all ready to hang it up.

"O Aunt Kate," Cathie said softly, "how kind you are to me. See, mamma, is it not beautiful?"

"Beautiful," said Mrs. Byrne, "and a delightful memento for my little girl."

"I think I can never forget now," said Cathie very thoughtfully. "Whenever I look at that I am sure I will try to be one of the children Jesus loves. I can look at it when I want to be cross and self-willed, and

remember Christ's children must be gentle and obedient. May it hang in my room, mamma?"

"Yes, dear."

"We will hang it on the open space before your bed, Cathie," said Mrs. Byrne, "so that when you go to sleep in the evening and awake in the morning, you will think of the loving Saviour who is watching and blessing you as he blessed little children while on earth."

"There is one for Harry in the box that has gone to Richmond," said Mrs. Wood; "and I will hang it in his room, so when he and Cathie look at the picture, they may remember that, although they are separated, they are both united in the precious band of little ones that Jesus loves."

As soon as the unpacking was finished, Mr. Byrne hung the picture in Cathie's room, and many times during the day she went in to look at it, and thank her Aunt Kate for giving her such a beautiful token by which to remember her teachings.

It was a very sad day for the children, when, early in October, Mrs. Wood was obliged to return to her own home in Richmond; but they were somewhat comforted by a promise that during the winter Mr. and Mrs. Byrne, with Cathie and baby Johnnie would make

a visit to the old home, where Mrs. Wood lived, and where both she and Mrs. Byrne had spent their childhood.

And with this prospect the little ones dried their tears of parting, and bade each other farewell at the depot where Harry was to take the train for the last journey of the Happy Summer.











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